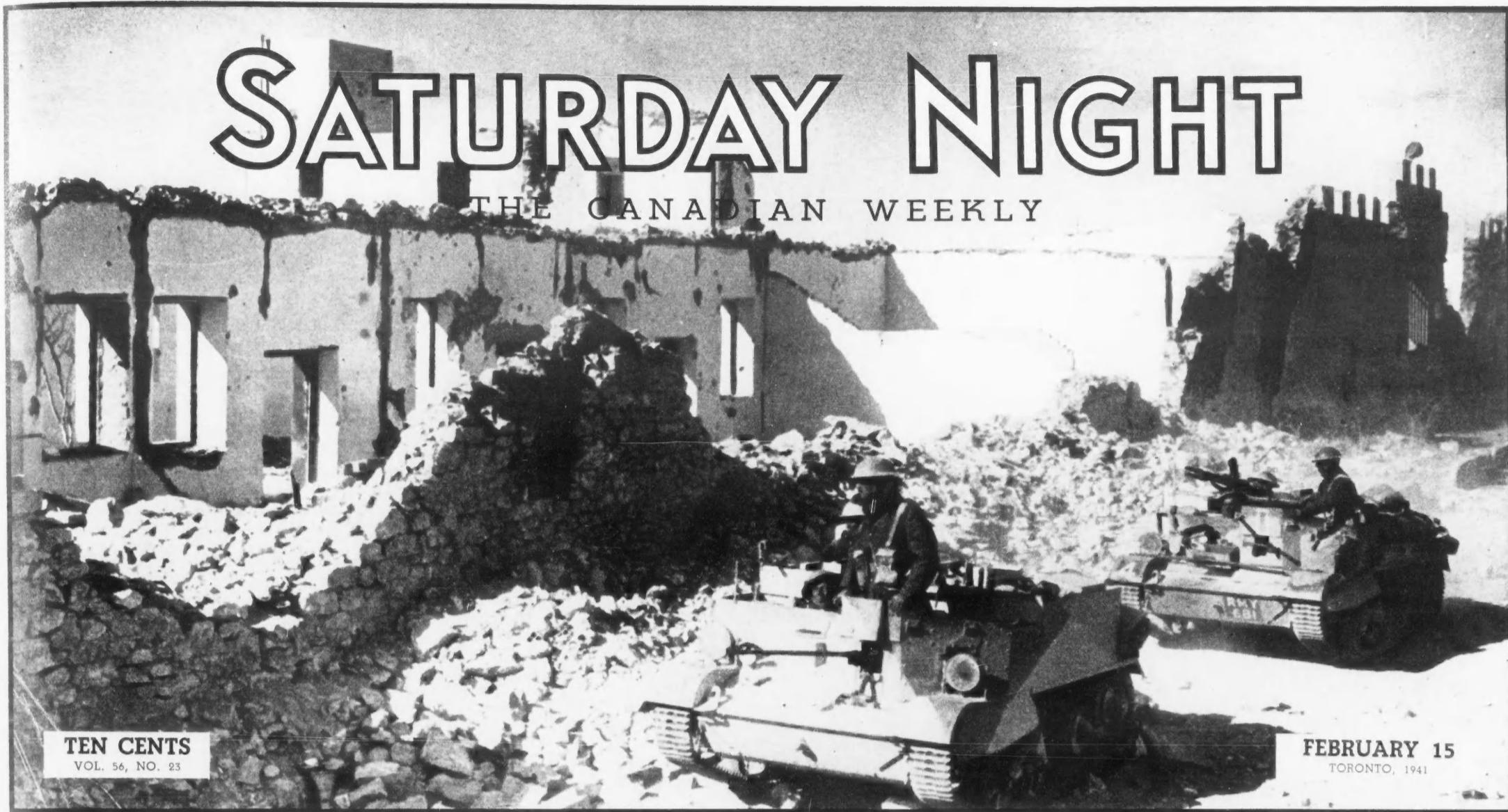


# Wanted: A National War Policy

By H. F. NICHOLSON  
SEE PAGE SEVEN



SMASHING THROUGH BARDIA, GENERAL WAVELL'S ARMY OF THE NILE EARLY THIS WEEK WAS WELL ON ITS WAY TO TRIPOLI, LAST OF ITALY'S AFRICAN STRONGHOLDS

WHO could say, after listening to Mr. Churchill last Sunday, that words are not weapons too? For too long the democracies were inarticulate Canada still is—and the caustic shouts of the dictators swayed the world. On our side there was only Mr. Roosevelt. His "quarantine the dictators" speech in Chicago in October 1937 was as prophetic as any of Churchill's warnings of that time. But in the state of public feeling the President proved as powerless as the political exile to secure real action.

Now, what a team they make, and how they have crowded the dictators off the air waves! It is true, Hitler still makes an occasional speech, though Mussolini has practically given up the practice. We believe that it would be sound policy on the part of our rulers to let us hear the Fuehrer's hate-filled voice in our loudspeakers again; we know of nothing which brings before us so clearly what we are fighting for.

Hitler's voice of hate has done what it can. It does not sway the world any more. It is Roosevelt's voice of idealism and Churchill's voice of courage, of resolution, of freedom which move men. We agree with Mr. Churchill that "in wartime there is a lot to be said for the motto: 'Deeds, not words'." But we earnestly hope that he will continue to find time from his arduous duties (though report has it that Winston is in his element these days) to prepare these stirring messages, these living chronicles of history for us, and that he will not underrate their importance in the whole scheme of the war. For words—such words—can be powerful weapons too. We have heard too few of them in Canada.

## Spring in the Balkans

IT IS traditional that with the coming of spring comes the tramp of armies in the Balkans. Spring appears to be coming early this year. Yet the imminent German move into Bulgaria, to which Mr. Churchill gave such particular attention, does not appear so much like the launching of a big campaign in Eastern Europe or the Near East as an elaborate defence of the Reich's left flank, and particularly her oil supply, forced on her by the Anglo-Greek victory over Italy and the freeing of our large and powerful Army of the Nile for new ventures on new battlefields.

Far from starting a Balkan War, there is every indication that Hitler is intent on avoid-

## THE FRONT PAGE

ing one, and on stabilizing this front. It may be doubted whether he will immediately push on to Salonika. What he appears to be doing is putting himself in a position to beat us to Salonika, should he suspect us of moving in that direction; to hem in the Yugoslavs securely; to paralyze the Greek offensive in Albania and, by forcing an end to these hostilities, prevent us from gaining control of the mouth of the Adriatic. If everything goes right, the German strategists will also have managed to keep Turkey non-belligerent and make some arrangement with Greece to prevent our bombers from using bases on her soil for attacking their vital oil supply in Roumania.

### Frustration Nerves

WHILE we have nothing but admiration for the work being done by so many on behalf of the War Savings pledge campaign, we deplore the statement made by some speakers that this provides a means by which individ-

uals can "do their bit" for the national war effort. Inferentially, there seems to be a suggestion that citizens are entitled to relax comfortably after investing their spare dollars, or rather some of them, in War Savings Certificates. Such a notion would obviously be dangerously misleading. This war calls for all we can give, in physical and mental effort as well as dollars.

The fact is that the great majority of Canadians want to do more than they are doing. All over the country there is criticism of the Government today (1) for its failure to formulate a comprehensive national war policy and end the time-wasting and money-wasting and energy-wasting conflict between requirements of the various governmental departments and boards, and (2) for its failure to develop uses for this country's vast now-idle resources in man- and woman-power.

We are told vaguely that we should individually find ways to be useful. Many have already done this and undoubtedly many more might well do so. But the fact remains that

there must clearly be organization, co-ordination and direction for really worth-while results, and that these things must be supplied by Ottawa.

Britons are in this war up to their necks; Canadians are only half or a quarter of the way in. Canadians know this, resent it, blame the Government, and develop "frustration nerves." Nothing would so stimulate and strengthen national morale as to find uses for the citizens who want to work for the war. There *must* be uses. Why not a nationally-organized Home Guard similar to Britain's? Some day we may have to resist invasion when most of our first-line troops are overseas. Why not part-time operation of factory machines by business men and women? Why not lots of other things?

### Are We Ready?

FOR some time now we have been warned of an approaching and inevitable attempt on the part of the Axis Powers to invade the British Isles; they cannot hope to win the war in any other way. We are assured that in Britain every possible precaution has been taken and that every citizen is determined to repel that invasion when it comes. Our friends in the Mother Country are at concert-pitch.

When the invasion comes our own position will be one of peculiar difficulty. For us it will be a "war of nerves" indeed. We shall have to wait and hope, knowing that we are without power to help the beleaguered Britons; knowing that upon the outcome of that struggle rests the fate of our own country. Our part will be a passive one. Are we ready to play it with dignity?

During last May and June when every broadcast brought fresh news of disaster to our Allies not all of us behaved as well as we should have done. Wild rumors cropped up all over the country. Doctors were summoned to attend obscure ailments which were simply badly-concealed "war nerves." We looked everywhere for a crumb of comfort and found none. Our press was, in far too many instances, gloomy without being realistic, and politicians and men in positions of influence gave far too wide a publicity to their own feelings of despair.

This must not happen again. The attempted  
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WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE DUTIES HAVE CHANGED LITTLE IN A GENERATION . . .



. . . EVEN THEIR NATTY, NAVY-CUT UNIFORMS MIGHT BE MADE-OVER HAND-ME-DOWNS



AMBULANCE DRIVERS OF 1914-1918 . . .



. . . THEIR DAUGHTERS OF 1941

**THEN — NOW**

**W**HEN wars were fought by professional, rather than civilian, armies, for fixed objectives, women took little active part in them. Not until 1854, in the second year of the Crimean War, when Florence Nightingale was sent to Scutari to ameliorate the appalling condition of the wounded, did women become directly involved. Directly attributable to her work was the fall in the death rate in Crimean hospitals from 42% to 2% in less than 5 months.

In World War I, when the warring nations could ill spare any able-bodied man from the ranks, women became more and more active in auxiliary services and in industry.

In World War II, they are carrying on where they left off in 1918, many of them in the same line of duty; many of them side by side with their daughters. Still others, like the old lady at the left who knit her way through the Great War and is busy again in this, are serving wherever a helping hand is most needed.



SHE HAS KNIT THROUGH 5½ YEARS OF WAR

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

A substantial lease-lend agreement for armaments, which involved the United States, Great Britain and what is now Canada, was effected 143 years ago. In 1798 and 1799, George III, through the government of Nova Scotia, first lent and finally gave to South Carolina twenty-four cannon and 1,800 shot with which to defend Charleston when alarm over French aggression was prevalent and the United States was woefully deficient in artillery.

The dispatches concerning this episode are to be found in W. R. Manning's "Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States: Canadian Relations, 1784-1860," Vol. I (Washington, 1940). Their phraseology, which often exactly anticipated our own time, invites extensive quotation, but a summary will serve.

Timothy Pickering, American Secretary of State, set the ball rolling on June 14, 1798, by simultaneously asking the authorities in London and Halifax whether they would sell, lend or give back to South Carolina "a parcel of iron 24-pounders taken in the French ship *Foudroyant*," which George II had once given to the former colony, but which the British had retaken and transported to Halifax during the Revolution.

Within a few days of receiving the requests, George III and his government in London, and H. R. H. the Duke of Kent and Sir John Wentworth in Halifax, sent word in September of their willingness to lend the armaments "on the condition of their being returned . . . into the King's Stores at Halifax whenever the Occasions of public Service may induce the British Government to make a requisition to that effect."

Meanwhile Pickering confided to Rufus King, American Minister in London, that "altho' the guns and shot are only loaned . . . I presume they will never be redemanded." He

indicated that he had suggested as much to the British Minister at Washington.

The British Minister told him that he hoped and trusted "that the guns in question will never be redemanded," although "neither the Commanders at Halifax nor myself could talk of them otherwise than as a loan."

In April, 1799, the American Secretary received back from George III the American engagement to return the munitions, "thus terminating," wrote the British Minister, "a transaction which, while it discovers on the part of my Sovereign a perfect confidence in the sentiments of the American Government, cannot but tend to consolidate the connection so happily subsisting between the two Countries."

New York City. J. B. BREBNER.

**The Russian Way**

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS greatly impressed by the petition of our Communistic friends in Winnipeg to have the interned members of their society released. They based their request on the British democratic principle of free speech, a free press, etc., which they claim, perhaps honestly, is the only manner in which their interned brethren have violated the laws of the land.

Now while there is no doubt we Canadians, or, at least a vast majority of us, believe in free speech, free press, etc., and the democratic system as a whole, and could therefore consistently protest against any uncalled-for infringement of such liberties, on the other hand our Communistic friends are out-and-out opponents of that system. They openly and vociferously proclaim and reiterate the advantages of doing away with democracy entirely and replacing it with the Russian order

of Communism. Therefore, does it not logically follow that they would be greatly benefited, if we in Canada inaugurated as much of that system as we reasonably can without infringing in any way on our own freedom and democratic way of life?

In Russia, for instance, any one who whispers a word against the government is immediately pounced upon by the OGPU. They are whisked away to Siberia to starve and freeze in government labor camps or are shot at sunrise.

(Continued on Page 6)

**SATURDAY NIGHT**

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IN 25 YEARS CAR ENGINES HAVE CHANGED GREATLY



BUT THE LADIES ARE STILL THEIR MASTERS



WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE UNIFORMS HAVE . . .



. . . GROWN SHORTER, TIGHTER, TRIMMER

# THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

Invasion of Britain will not be a pretty affair. There is a possibility that the enemy may establish some bases on British soil, and communications with this continent may be cut off or may fall into enemy hands. But of the eventual outcome of such an attempt we cannot permit ourselves one moment of doubt. Now, therefore, we must determine that when the invasion comes we shall keep calm, believe no rumors, refrain from expressing opinions of a depressing nature to anyone who may be influenced by us, and never to relax our self-control until we hear that the invasion has been repelled and that the enemy has crawled home, thoroughly beaten.

Particularly we must resolve not to set up shop as military or political theorists, if we are wholly without qualifications to do so. The

## TE DEUM

THROUGH dreary years the moving wheat-fields drifted  
Over the fences and across the roads;  
Through dreary years the school-house shingles  
lifted  
And thistles rolled to every wind that blows.

We sighed in school, the lessons had no  
meaning  
(Quadratic surds while earth fell on the page  
From broken windows), and resentful  
dreaming  
Wished there were deeds to do or wars to wage.

Now we are marching; now with drum and  
trumpet  
Banish the memory of our wasted youth.  
Praise now the God of Battles, who has granted  
A shining dream of purpose and of truth.

THOMAS HICKS.

World is full of people who fear to think for themselves, and who depend on others for their opinions. Unfortunately, also, humanity has an incurable weakness for prophets, and the most popular prophet is the one with a long face and a prediction of general woe. In times of crisis the non-thinkers are on the lookout for guidance, and the prophets of doom are only too eager to provide it. The result is terror, panic, and partial paralysis of the national will.

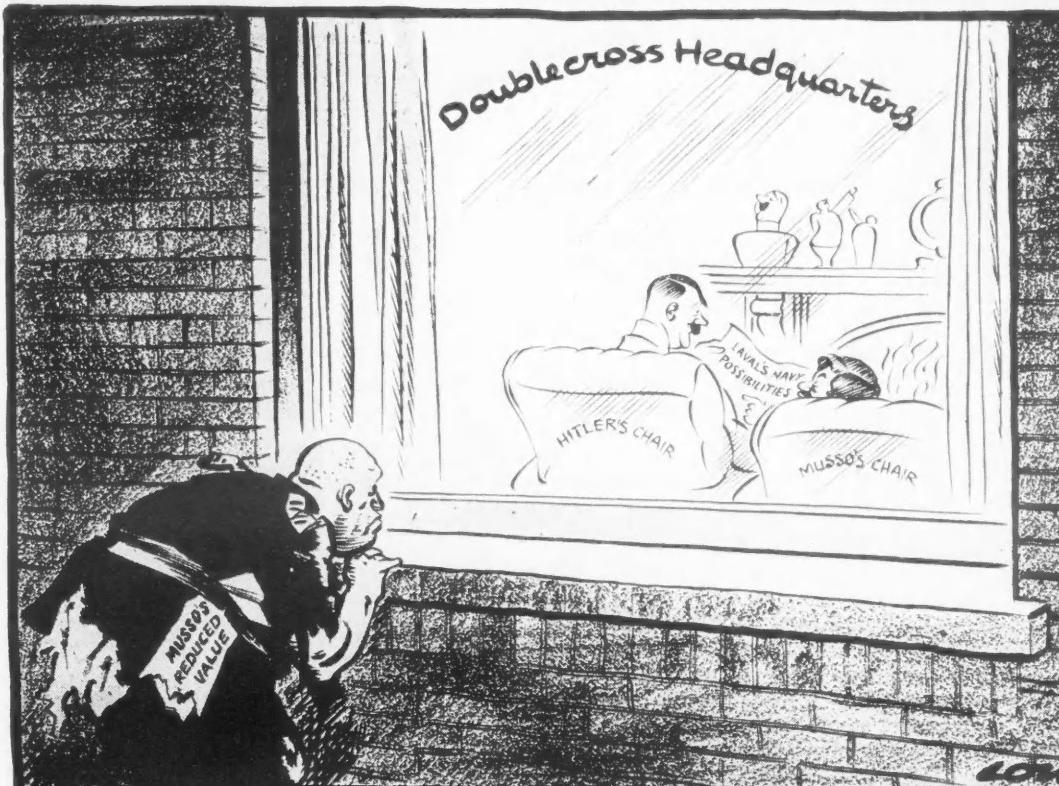
The people who will suffer the impact of an invasion are the people of Britain. Most of us in Canada are unable to do anything more direct for them or for our own War Effort than contribute money. When the invasion comes we shall be powerless to do anything but wait for the outcome. But we must be confident of victory, and as for the upper lip, it must be kept both stiff and firmly closed.

## The Corvette in Action

WHEN the Battle of the Atlantic was at its most serious stage, a couple of months ago, SATURDAY NIGHT declared that the answer to more U-boats would be found in more escort craft. Now, coincident with the announcement for the seventh successive week of sinkings less than half of those of last fall, comes news of the new corvette in action. A London naval correspondent has returned from a fortnight's trip which "tested the endurance and fighting efficiency of the little corvette in northern blizzards and howling gales and head-on to the Atlantic rollers." He reports that this "toughest little warship in the world" is changing the convoy situation out in the western approaches to the British Isles.

The design of the corvette appears to be based on the argument that a warship with little over half the speed, a third of the size, a quarter to an eighth of the guns and a sixth of the engine power of a modern destroyer, requiring a third of the crew, costing a tenth as much and capable of being built in much less time, is adequate to the job of convoying merchant ships across the Atlantic and destroying or driving away any U-boats which might attack them.

Piecing together details given by the above London correspondent and by the New York



FACE AT THE WINDOW

## THE PASSING SHOW

WITH the British Lion at his throat and the Lion of Judah nipping his heels, Mussolini must be wishing he hadn't stirred up any hard felines.

Hitler has asked the German people to give him another year. Many of us would be willing to give him life.

The new order in Japan seems to be: "Don't eat so much."

### SMALL SLY SONG

Sometimes to Adolf it appears  
The Reich will last a thousand years,  
But often in his heart he prays  
That it will last a thousand days.

Germany is reported to be looking for an irresistible weapon. They have already found an immovable object.

Our Queen's Park correspondent informs us that Canadians should be warned against inflation of the ego.

Lindbergh is still the idol of 120 million people, but now they are mostly Germans and Italians.

A Rochester man has had his name changed from Anthony J. Musolino to Anthony J. Mason. And a fellow called Mussolini has had his name changed to mud.

### HAIL, HAILE, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

When Mussolini begs our aid  
Against "the black barbarians"  
He strains, we think, the mythic link  
Twixt him and other Aryans;  
The British force in Africa,  
Aussies or Proud Salopians,  
Knows the Italian to be a rascallion  
And likes the Ethiopians.

Well, Adolf old fellow, it's better to have Luft and lost than never to have Luft at all.

It is pleasant to note that the Italian army in Libya is still up to its old treks.

American isolationists claim that Hitler would not have turned west if France and Britain had not declared war. We presume that he would merely have kept on going east until he reached the Maginot Line.

Mr. Aberhart has stated that there was no "collusion" at the Ottawa Conference between Mr. Hepburn and himself. It is obvious, too, that there was no collision.

Might Guides Red Thinking  
*Newspaper headline.*  
Although "maybe" and "perhaps" are also taken into consideration.

An Irish government official said last week: "Rights alone are a poor protection for small states when great empires go to war." Great empires, conversely, do most of their worrying about Lefts.

If the Dominion Government doesn't look out Mr. Hepburn won't like Mr. Ilsley either, and then where will the country be?

According to reports of riots in several Italian cities, Mussolini's subjects are awakening to the fact that they mistook a Duce for an ace.

It appears now that when Mussolini conquered Abyssinia he had reached the top of the stepladder of success.

As the Germans intensify their propaganda campaign in Bulgaria, it makes us wonder what little country they are going to Goebbel up next.

From the debacle in Africa and the ease with which the Navy bombed Genoa we can only assume that the Boot is on its last leg.

When Alexander Korizis became Premier of Greece headlines read: "Banker at the helm." Whereas, of course, he should have been at the tiller.

"Never in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." —Winston Churchill, of Britain's air defenders.

You too can help by buying War Savings Certificates regularly.

# Istanbul: Border Town Between Europe and Asia



Young officers at the military school at Istanbul. Now that Russia has declared that she will take no action if Germany strikes through Bulgaria, it may well be that Turkey will be left to face the first Nazi thrust alone and may even find herself involved in war with Stalin.



A view showing the harbor at Istanbul with ships on the Bosphorus and, in the distance, the Asiatic side of Turkey. "The Golden Horn divides Istanbul into two parts. On the south lies the crowded Turkish city; on the north the thriving business quarter of Galata and Pera . . . ."



A market scene in Istanbul. The ancient markets and pavements are crowded with a heterogeneous population with people from the countries of western Asia and northern Africa predominating. Since the days of Constantine, Istanbul has been surrounded by a high, well-fortified wall.

THE Turkish Government rechristened the City Istanbul, but we shall always remember it as Constantinople. There is something fascinating about the old name. It is one we learned in childhood, and took pride in being able to spell correctly. Later when its history was unfolded we were enraptured with the gallant episodes of the city's resistance to the Goths and the Huns, to the famous Haroun al Raschid; its former glory under the name of Byzantium; its conquest and change of name by Constantine the Great, Emperor of Rome; its capture by the Crusaders in 1203; and finally its conquest by the Turks in 1453.

For almost five centuries it has remained in Turkish occupation, but the old name of Constantinople has survived for 1600 years. In 1929 the Turkish President Kemal Ataturk decreed that the name must, like many others in the country, be changed, and the choice of Istanbul was made. Yet the old name lingers, and as Constantinople we shall always hold it in affectionate regard.

Today the city is still at peace, but there are rumblings of war. The



A machine gunner brings his gun, packed on the mule, into position. Turks are tough, wily fighters, held the Dardanelles through World War I.



The tailors' quarters in Istanbul. Should war come, Istanbul would be Turkey's first defence; never has the city been taken from the land side. From the sea, an enemy would face artillery fire through the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus and throughout the length of the Golden Horn.

BY FRANK LONGWORTH

**Turkey to-day has 1,000,000 men under arms and as in World War I she sits astride the strategic Dardanelles. That she is a worthy and tough guardian of those Straits, she has proven.**

**But this time the threat comes from another direction: down through the Balkans where Nazi pressure is steady and relentless.**

**Turkey has said she will fight; has drawn a line in the blood-soaked dust of the Balkans and dared the Germans to cross it.**

**The frontier town between Europe and Asia is Istanbul, formerly Constantinople, which has known war since the time of the Goths. This city is still the spiritual centre of Turkey, even though the seat of government has been moved to Ankara. No enemy has ever succeeded in taking Istanbul by land. And the cost of an assault by sea would be high in blood red figures.**

Turkish Government still hope that their country will be spared the fate which has overtaken other Balkan States, but their eyes are constantly turned to the North-west, watching and wondering to see what the Axis Powers or Russia have in mind. Should war prove inevitable, the first defence will be Istanbul itself, though it is no longer the capital of the country. When, after the last War, Turkey lost the greater part of her European possessions, she transferred the seat of Government to Ankara in Asia Minor, but Istanbul remains the most important city. It is, in fact, one of the key cities of the world.

## East Meets West

Here, on the Bosphorus, East meets West. Istanbul is the true frontier town between Europe and Asia. It has aptly been described as the last city of the one Continent and the first city of the other. Yet in Istanbul itself one is definitely in Europe, even though Asiatic customs and architecture predominate. A mile across the Bosphorus at Scutari one is actually in Asia, though oddly enough this town is more European than Istanbul itself. It has developed in recent years into a popular suburb of the capital, much frequented by diplomatic and other residents from all parts of Europe.

Like Rome, Istanbul stands on seven hills, and in the words of Gibbon, the historian, "occupies an incomparable situation on the shores of the Bosphorus where it broadens out into the Sea of Marmara." The distinctive feature of its position is the inlet called the Golden Horn, the port of the city, a marvellous natural

harbor four miles long and about two miles wide, stretching from the Bosphorus into the heart of the city, and capable of holding the largest ships.

Vessels from the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and from all parts of the world crowd its wharves, and load and unload their cargoes along its quays. It is estimated that as many as 1,200 large ships can be accommodated simultaneously in the Golden Horn, and here in the palmy days of peace were held the greatest markets in Europe. The produce of Asia was exchanged for that of Europe. It was the great clearing house for raw materials and manufactured goods.

The Golden Horn divides Istanbul into two parts. On the South lies the crowded Turkish city; on the North the business quarter of Galata and Pera. Pera was prior to 1920 the principal residential district, the site of the Sultan's Palace and the home of foreign Ambassadors. Now the Government and the Embassies have been transferred to Ankara, and many of the luxurious houses and hotels have been converted into business establishments. It seems a pity, because Pera is one of the most delightful places of residence, enjoying a perfect climate and affording glorious views across the Bosphorus. More recently parts of Pera and the adjoining suburb of Galata have been developed as arsenals and military barracks, while naval dockyards have been established along the shore.

## A Formidable Barrier

Since the days of Constantine the city has been surrounded on its land side by a high fortified wall, which has from time to time been strengthened, and today would prove a formidable barrier to any would-be invader. Yet it is hardly likely that an enemy would attack from land. Many have attempted it in the past but without success. It is from the sea that Istanbul would be approached, but here again the enemy would meet with the strongest resistance, and have to face violent artillery fire through the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmara, and the Bosphorus, while should he succeed in penetrating to the Golden Horn itself, he would be risking complete annihilation.

Istanbul is almost the only remaining stronghold of Turkey in Europe, but she will make every effort to retain her hold. Although it is no longer the capital of the country, and although the population has fallen by one half until it is now no more than 750,000, the Turkish people still regard Istanbul as their natural and spiritual home.

There are no fewer than 1,000 mosques and other places of worship in the city. It is the educational and cultural centre of Turkey, and above all the key to both Europe and Asia. From Istanbul itself one can take train to any part of Europe. From Scutari new services will take you to the Persian Gulf, to Palestine, and as far as Mecca in Arabia. Turkey will zealously defend her ancient capital, and whether we call it Istanbul or Constantinople we shall rejoice if it is spared the devastations of war.

# "Jay" Portrays Steel Being Made For Arms



**1** AN OLD LAKE BOAT IS BROKEN UP FOR SCRAP. BECAUSE OF THE DEMAND FOR STEEL IN THE ARMS INDUSTRY, IT WAS FEARED SEVERAL MONTHS AGO THAT THERE WOULD BE A SHORTAGE. NOW THERE WILL NOT BE ANY IMMEDIATE DEARTH.



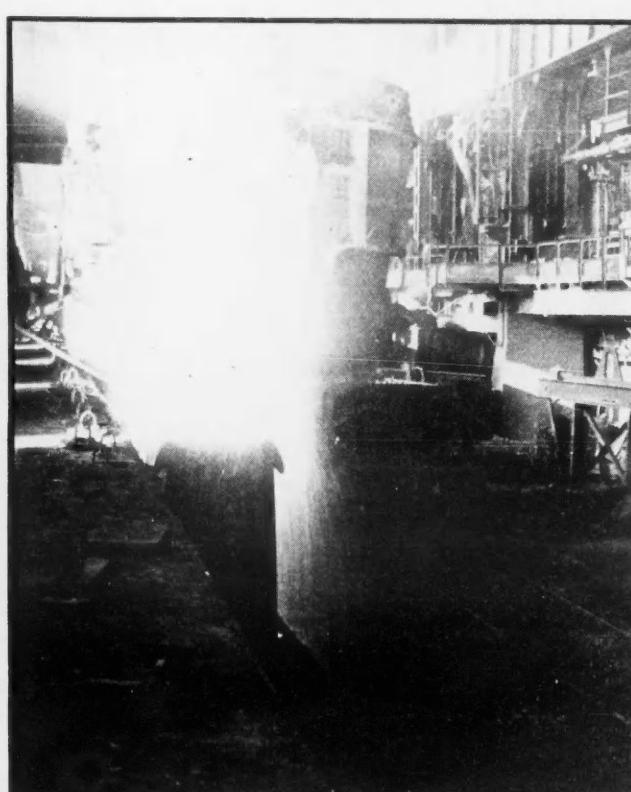
**2** PREPARING TO TAP A HEAT. THE LADLE WILL RECEIVE ABOUT 140 TONS OF MOLTEN METAL. CANADA'S STEEL INDUSTRY CAN PRODUCE AROUND 2,225,000 TONS YEARLY.



**3** THE TAPPING IN PROCESS. THE PILL BOX ABOVE THE LADLE CONTAINS CONDIMENTS FOR MAKING VARIOUS GRADES OF STEEL. HERE IT IS BEING EMPTIED INTO LADLE.



**4** SLAG RUNNING OFF THE TOP OF THE LADLE. ALREADY EXTENSION OF PLANT HAS TAKEN PLACE WHICH WILL INCREASE FUTURE OUTPUT OF THE CANADIAN STEEL INDUSTRY.



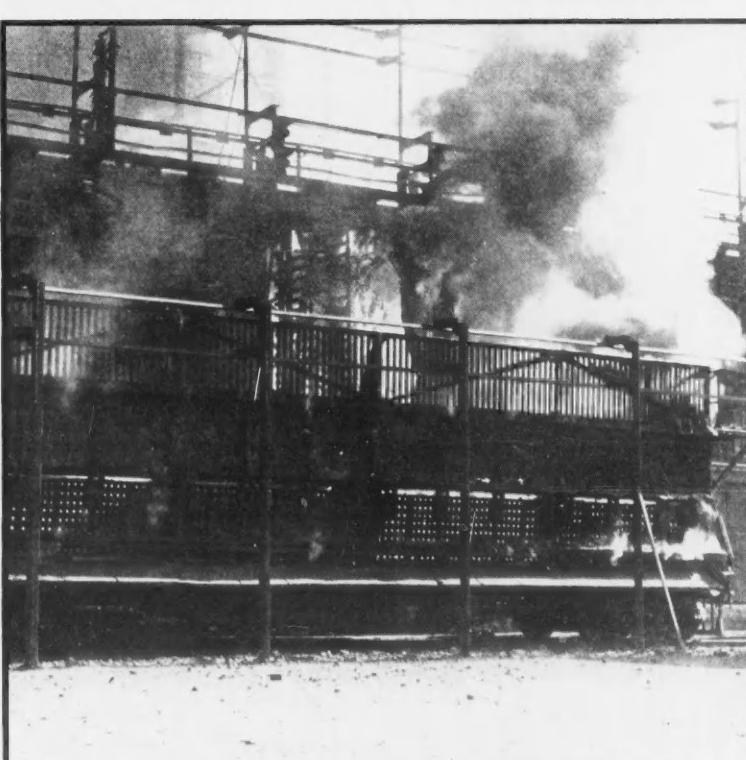
**5** TEEMING A HEAT; INGOT MOULDS BEING FILLED WITH MOLTEN STEEL. THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS ENCOURAGED FLOW OF STEEL TO CANADA TO AID ARMS OUTPUT.



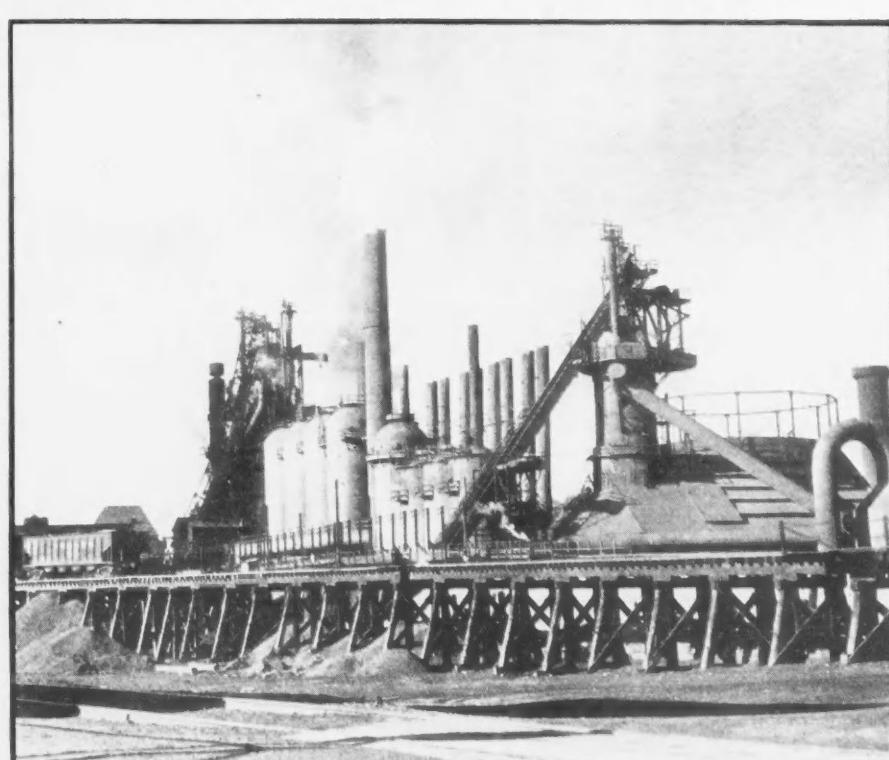
**6** INGOTS BEING CONVEYED TO THE ROLLING MILL. THERE HAS BEEN CURTAILMENT IN PRIVATE DEMAND FOR STEEL, PARTICULARLY IN THE BUILDING INDUSTRY. IF ARMS DEMAND IS TO BE MET, A FURTHER REDUCTION WILL BE MADE.



**7** IN THE PULPIT. THE OPERATOR CONTROLS ROLLING OF STEEL. THE PROCESS WHERE INGOT IS BROKEN INTO DESIGNATED SIZE.



**8** PUSHING A COKE OVEN. COKE IS TAKEN TO THE BLAST FURNACE AND USED FOR MELTING DOWN THE ORE. MANY LEADING CANADIAN STEEL MEN BELIEVE A STEEL SHORTAGE MAY EVENTUALLY DEVELOP.



**9** THE BLAST FURNACE WHERE COKE, ORE AND LIMESTONE ARE MIXED AND REDUCED TO PIG IRON. THE STEEL INDUSTRY IS PRODUCING MORE THAN IS NEEDED FOR CARS. THIS SUMMER, ARMS PROGRAMME WILL HUM, MORE THAN TAKE UP THE SLACK.

# BOOKS ON THE WAR

## Tales of Courage In the Night

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

NIGHT OVER EUROPE, by Frederick L. Schuman. 600 pages. \$4.25.  
RETURN VIA DUNKIRK, by Gun Buster. 256 pages, map. \$2.00.  
MY FIRST WAR, by Capt. Sir Basil Bartlett. 127 pages. \$1.10.  
REPORT ON ENGLAND, by Ralph Ingersoll. 202 pages. \$2.00.  
THE WOUNDED DON'T CRY, by Quentin Reynolds. 253 pages.

**PROFESSOR SCHUMAN** is a very solid worker, as those who know his earlier volumes *Hitler and the Nazi Dictatorship* and *Europe on the Eve* are aware. In *Night over Europe* he has done a masterly job of assembling and presenting in a connected story all the pertinent data on the coming of the war and its first year, from diplomatic books, white, yellow and pink, from the press, memoranda, speeches and private news-letters. It will be some time before we are given a better account.

Not that I share Mr. Schuman's Spenglerian gloom; he speaks of the western democracies as "the evening lands" and "the western twilight." As Gun Buster says in the next book, "I don't think it's quite that bad." Of course this western civilization of ours may be going down; we all know that every civilization reaches its peak and passes. But I just refuse to believe it. And I suppose it's only by refusing to believe it that we shall prevent it. After all, if there are signs of decay in western civilization there are also plenty of signs of new life, and the productive power which is now being devoted to destruction can be turned under strong leadership to building a new and better world.

Schuman does admit briefly that Britain, America and the Soviet Union still have it in their hands, for a short time, to win the war and prevent the submergence of the world under a dark tide of barbarism. But it will take a big idea to make men act "to seize the future for themselves." No "vain and empty vision of returning to the anarchic state system of the 1930's, no scheme of patching together a broken Humpty-Dumpty world based on 'sovereign' states, linked loosely once more in a feckless League," will do. "Those who would unify the world around a myth of racial megalomania and hate-filled fanaticism can be overcome only by those who would unify the world around a myth of catholic tolerance and crusading faith in Man."

I think he is profoundly right there. We may win this present war merely by the combined weight of British and American armaments, but we shan't set western civilization back on its upward path without a big idea of an ordered world. If we see in this no more than "another war" then we are done; to really "win" we will have to stage a great moral, spiritual, political and economic revolution.

### Melancholy of Youth

But Professor Schuman's vision fades quickly and he returns to his Spenglerian mood; he is melancholy as only a young man (he is scarcely 37) can be. To which the professor's only possible retort is: "He is optimistic as only a young fool of 35 can be". He rather thinks that the leaders of Britain and America will seek to save themselves with some lesser payment. "The world imperium of Caesarianism can be dimly discerned... Beyond the horizon of a not improbable final victory over the West will loom a world remade on foundations of Fascist totalitarianism... German genius for *Ordnung*, and Nazi talent for dispensing force, fraud and favours, may well prove adequate for the re-ordering of the world as well as of Europe. Peoples who have thrown away the weapons of victory in order to reconcile themselves to defeat do not become rebels under the conqueror's

heel, but *fellahin* content with the meagre blessings of 'peace'. They are quite prepared to abandon hope of riches and freedom in favor of a poor security and the comforts of mysticism. This fact has long been known to Hitler. It is the secret weapon of his conquest of Europe. The peoples of a vanquished Russia, the peoples of the dark lost East, the peoples of the Western twilight, if frustrated and broken, will not act otherwise once their leaders have brought them to disaster. With a weapon such as this the "Triplex" may conquer the globe."

Maybe. But in the two bare months since Schuman's manuscript went to the publishers the "Triplex" has been to all intents and purposes reduced to a "Duplex"; the young flings of Britain, Canada and the Empire do not behave much like *fellahin*; the Chinese of Chiang Kai-Shek appear neither dark nor lost; from travellers' accounts the German and Japanese people don't sound like bold and supremely confident world conquerors; and the voices of Churchill, Roosevelt, Willkie and Politicus don't sound to me like a moan in the twilight.

I think if Professor Schuman would spend more time with such raw materials of history as the two soldiers' and the two reporters' stories which follow, and less in the dark archives of diplomacy, he would feel more cheerful about Europe's chances of survival. On the other hand, I would decidedly not recommend these personal histories to Hitler, to cheer an idle moment.

### Hitler and the King

I can't, for example, imagine anything more depressing to Adolf in his plans for overcoming the English than "Gun Buster's" long, lively and lusty yarn of the doings and thinkings of "Y Battery" of the B.E.F. from the day they arrived in France in September 1939 without so much as a smile or a cheer to welcome them and they had expected kisses! up into Belgium, back down to Arras and out at Dunkirk.

During the retreat to Dunkirk Y Battery received two messages. The first was from Hitler, in the shape of a leaflet dropped on them the day the Belgians "packed up." It read: "You are surround. The match is ended. Throw down your arms. We take prisoners." Y Battery "roared with laughter, and thought it the best joke in years. 'The match is ended' especially tickled them. 'End ed? Ended?' cried one of the gunners. 'Why, what is he talking about? We've only just had the kick-off.' A sergeant, after reading the leaflet over carefully two or three times remarked seriously, 'They must be in a bad way, sir, to descend to that sort of thing.'

The other message was from the King, to the B.E.F. "in its hour of peril." "All the men thought it exceedingly kind and thoughtful of the King to send them a few nice words. They appreciated it very much. But it really wasn't necessary. Hour of peril?" Oh, no, things were not so bad as that. A bit tough perhaps... but nothing to get seriously alarmed about, personally." And they hadn't seen a British fighter plane, but only clouds of Germans, for two weeks. What really stirred their emotions was having to blow up the guns. "To a gunner, his guns are his colors... One... two... three... four... each explosion was like a heart-stab." Y Battery was the last in the B.E.F. to go out of action.

### Holding the Baby

If more delightful war diaries than Sir Basil Bartlett's *My First War* appear, I hope they find their way to my desk. Captain Bartlett is in peace-time an actor, journalist

and playwright. In war his job became that of watching for espionage and sabotage in his divisional area, and maintaining good relations with the French population. Military Intelligence the author found to be "a sneaking branch of the army... hampered by the great military virtue of 'holding the baby'. Battalion commanders fail to report deserters because they don't want their regiment to get a bad name. Brigadiers suffocate appalling crimes within the brigade area for the same reason. Division follows suit. Carried to its logical extreme, this system might lead to the complete disintegration of the British Army without the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief... To be successful, our Army ought to be commanded by gangsters." It is odd, but an almost identical observation by Sir Archibald Wavell was quoted in SATURDAY NIGHT last week.

The writer confesses that maintaining cordial relations between the British and French was the most difficult part of his job. He has a great many shrewd and kindly observations to make on the French people of all classes whom he met, which are a valuable help towards understanding French morale last spring. On May 3: "The French are conducting the war altogether too timidly... It is our job, as the sturdier and more dependable of the Allies, to electrify them."

The B.E.F. cheered when the show started. It was "a grand fighting force." (Only fatally unbalanced, in the lack of an adequate air arm, too little armored, inexperienced in 1940-style warfare, and too small to determine its own strategy). At Dunkirk it evinced "a blind faith in the Navy." The author was taken off by a destroyer, which was attacked and torpedoed, but not sunk, in the night by two German motor torpedo-boats. The destroyer's gunners picked them both off; they leapt high in the air, settled down and sank.

### Ingersoll Looks Good

I was rather surprised at how good Ralph Ingersoll's *Report on England: November 1940* still looked at the beginning of February. Many will have read this famous series of articles by the editor of the New York paper *PM* in their daily press. They make up quite a sizable book, still impress one as a brilliant job of reporting, and are still the best single source I have seen on the state of Britain after some months of the great Blitz. Without wishing to dispute seriously with a man who has done so much for our cause in the United States, it might be said, however, that the British most emphatically don't admit that Hitler "had" London in September, but just didn't know it, and that if he had kept on a few days longer the population might have cracked. One wonders whether Mr. Ingersoll would have thought so himself, had he been there at that time.

Passing "a rock called Gibraltar, put up by the Prudential Insurance Company," Mr. Quentin Reynolds, the well-known *Collier's* writer arrived in Paris just in time to march into the Ritz Bar as Hitler marched into Belgium. From there the trail of this colorful and engaging writer leads, between drinks, up to the fighting front and back through Paris and Tours to Bordeaux, over to Britain for the Blitz, to Ireland, and lately, I believe, back to America.

One can understand Mr. Reynolds' feelings towards "those magnificent arm-chair domestic foreign correspondents who tell us via radio just what is going to happen"; though he needn't have expressed them on the very first page! He is not a man of opinions, and cheerfully admits all the way through that most of his own turn out wrong. He is out for stories, and his book is full of them, good ones.



CERTAINLY NO WAY TO LAUNCH A SHIP!

—Morrow

# DEAR MR. EDITOR

(Continued from Page 2)

Could we not humor our Canadian Communists in a like manner? Just give our R.C.M.P. orders to imprison every one of them whom they have reason to suspect of treasonable beliefs or activities and shoot all who have spoken or written or acted against our form of Government? How happy these champions of the new order would be to die knowing that their liquidation marked the partial establishment of that Russian Utopia which they had so loudly and zealously advocated.

Winnipeg, Man. W. S. NEWMAN.

### Poetry in the Tube

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

SOME Welsh friends of mine have shown me letters which they have received from an old man who spends his nights in Finsbury Park (Electric Tube) station a hundred feet or so beneath London. His name is Thomas Reach, and he is commonly known as "Old Tom." He will be eighty years old in May. Every night he goes with hundreds of others to await entrance to this shelter, which is his "home away from home" from 7 p.m. until the trains start running again around 7 in the morning. His letters tell of his new mode of life, of how a bomb had ploughed up a cemetery where friends were buried, and of his consequent desire to visit his mother's grave outside London to see if it was all right.

In his last letter he has responded to the muse that stirred his most illustrious ancestor, John Milton. The resultant verses, I think, have a merit of their own, as a reflection of the way life goes on underground in London these days, and the way the people are taking things. They were written, as are all his communications now, down there in the Tube. Of course "Old Tom" knows nothing of how his letters to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Williams, here in Bourlameau, are being received, nor of the use I am making of the verses in sending them to you. In closing let me express my appreciation of your paper. It is Canadian and it is British, and it

seems also to be both informed and intelligent.

(Rev.) E. W. MACQUARIE Bourlameau, Que.

FINSBURY PARK ELECTRIC TUBE SHELTER—1940

HE SITS there at night all cold and warm,  
Not caring a hang for any old storm.  
The guns they may roar, the bombs they may drop,  
But there in the Tube old Tommy will stop.

He sleeps there at night so warm and so snug;  
No beetles are there, nor a flea nor a bug.  
The trains come and go but he don't care a jot;  
He sleeps and he snores through the whole bally lot.

He wakes in the morn all merry and bright;  
As fresh as a daisy? Perhaps hardly quite.  
He's had a good sleep, the devil may care,  
A good seven hours and a little to spare.

There's hundreds and hundreds as  
nightly they "doss."  
From sweet babyhood to the silly old "joss."  
Some snore and some grunt, a dence of a row.  
Like a tribe of young porkers when  
old mother sow.

Some gamble and swear as they  
jolly well lose,  
Some eat fish and chips, some do  
a good booze;  
Some have a chatter, and most seem  
quite happy.  
With here and there grousers, some  
of them snappy.

And still, all in all, they're a merry  
old lot,  
Not caring a fig, not caring a jot.  
Not caring a hang, as the bombs  
they go bang,  
For Hitler's old Junkers and Messer-  
schmitt gang.

THOMAS REACH

Hornsey Rise, London, N.

# Urgently Needed—A National Economic Policy

BY H. F. NICHOLSON

AFTER the lunatic boom of 1925 to 1929 collapsed, the many groups of cranks with patent schemes for a New Order became very vocal in Canada. We had communists, socialists, fascists, social crediters, et cetera, and ad nauseam. It would be folly to deny that they had their day. They even led Mr. Bennett into the trap of his New Deal legislation. They infested and infected our daily life in every direction. They persuaded 44,000 voters in Toronto to try to elect Mr. Tim Buck to the Board of Control. They put Mr. Averhart in power after one of those Mad Mullah religious campaigns which occasionally sweep Western Canada.

We are not really socialists, communists, social crediters or fascists except *ad hoc*, and *pro tempore*. We still remain, the great mass of us, ordinary middle-of-the-road believers in things as they are.

The recommencement of the Great War, September, 1939, was, at first, greeted as an unpleasant event, which would at least bring the compensation of a business boom. If anyone doubts this statement, let him read the optimistic forecasts of some of our Cabinet Ministers and some of our leading journals, before the moment at which the German legions swept down on the Low Countries, crashed through the defences of France, and poised themselves on the Channel coast for the invasion of Britain.

When it became clear that we were fighting, not for the liberation of Poland, nor as an apology for Munich, but in desperate earnest for our own lives and homes, most Canadians ceased to talk nonsense, and turned to a serious effort to arm the nation, and to support the struggle of a besieged Britain. The childish idea of paying for the War by a tourist boom was forgotten. It became no longer a matter of producing masses of figures to show that the nation could easily afford the War, and still revel in prosperity. We began to consider, very literally, what we must do to be saved.

It soon became apparent that we should have to become socialists, fascists, social crediters and communists for the duration.

## Contrast With 1914-18

Mr. Grant Dexter, in a most interesting review of Canadian participation in the two phases of the Great War, in "Foreign Affairs" for January, 1941, indicates the contrast between our situation now, and the conditions of 1914 to 1918. Mr. Dexter makes the mistake of suggesting that the real difference is that, this time, we are deliberately, and consciously, planning to avoid the carefree inflationary policies of 1914 to 18. Indeed, he goes so far as to suggest that, in those years, we "re-distributed the national income in such a way as to concentrate wealth in the hands of relatively few men," to quote Mr. Lloyd George's cheap analogic remark that there were "soy men whose hands were dripping with the fat of sacrifice." This statement, of course, gives an entirely incorrect picture of what happened between 1914 and 1918.

Actually, labor, the farmer and the middle class in the community shared very fully in the dubious benefits of inflation. Even the soldiers did. The Canadian Army has always been the most highly paid fighting force in the world, and, at the Armistice of 1918, they were dismissed from the service with bonuses of very generous amounts. If, after the Armistice, wealth was largely concentrated in the hands of a few people, a statement very difficult to prove—it was because the lesser profiteers had dissipated their increased incomes in the wild extravagances of the latter part of that phase of the War, and the early days of the great boom. It is very important to remember this, and not to be led astray by Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric.

Whatever the facts about the last phase of the War, however, we certainly entered the present phase in a condition in which it was entirely impossible for us to adopt the care-

**The fact seems to be that there is no such thing as a Government at Ottawa, says Mr. Nicholson. There is no body charged with the formulation of a national economic policy. Each of the multifarious departments, boards and commissions operates as though the others did not exist.**

**The public of Canada is prepared to accept any amount of direction from the Government, but the direction must be intelligent. It must be part of a general economic program. It must commence with the enunciation of the economic policies we propose to follow.**

**Mr. Nicholson asserts that without calling in a single other person, the Deputy Ministers of the major departments could lay down the general principles which are to cover wages and prices, savings and taxation, the use of materials and labor, and other vital factors.**

less inflationary measures of 1914 to 1918. Mr. Dexter points out one striking difference, in that we must, this time, spend 30% to 50% of the national income for war purposes, while, last time, we spent perhaps 10%. He does not, unfortunately, stress also that, this time, we must not only pay for our share in the War, but also finance the British share, as far as that is carried out by Canadians. In the first part of the War, Britain paid us at least a billion dollars for munitions, and that was real money. This time we have to furnish Britain with goods on credit, or by the transfer to Canada of Canadian securities held in Britain—which will, in the end, reduce our annual payments to Britain, but will not add immediately to our wealth.

## The Debt Burden

Mr. Dexter also omits to mention that we entered this part of the War with a colossal national debt—chiefly, as we all know, the product of the railway venture wished upon us by the *Winnipeg Free Press*, while, in the first phase of the War, our national debt was negligible.

It is particularly this matter of national debt that involves us in the necessity of avoiding inflationary methods of fighting this part of the War. Obviously, a nation, like an individual, when it has stretched its credit to the breaking point, must, in face of a new emergency, adopt very careful methods of finance.

Most of the Canadian people do not know why we should find it difficult to finance this part of the War. They probably think that Mr. Dexter's suggestion is correct, and that this is because we spent all our money in the last War. Actually, our national expenditures in the last War have been more than repaid in specific war taxation, and the real difficulty is that we spent all our money on the Canadian National Railways, on relief, and on other peacetime activities of dubious value. On the other hand, however ill-informed as to the origins of our troubles, the average Canadian quite realizes that, in order to finance the present stage of the War, we shall have to be very careful.

In short, owing to our peacetime extravagances, the opening of hostilities found us in the position where we could not use money with which to fight the War. We were forced, from the very first, to find some method by which Canadian labor and Canadian materials could be diverted to war purposes, without our using real money to pay for them. We had to provide them by withdrawing them from our normal forms of consumption, or by mobilizing idle labor.

When the size of the crisis became apparent in June, 1940, we all accepted the facts which faced us, and at once agreed to give the Dominion Government unlimited power to use our property and our labor. We turned over to it exactly the same powers as have to be given to the government of any socialist, communist, fascist or social credit state. All that we have asked of the Government since is that it should direct our activities competently and efficiently.

The failure of the Government to accomplish this is a matter of record. For example, Mr. H. R. McMillan, a

business man of established reputation, and now an officer of the state, recently warned the people of Canada that we could not afford to indulge in the use of steel, just because engineers and architects happened to like it. We must be prepared to use wood instead—because wood can be obtained with less expenditure of our small resources of labor.

Yet, at the very moment at which Mr. McMillan was saying this, the Government of Canada announced that it was prepared to enter into an agreement with the Government of the United States to build the St. Lawrence Waterway—the greatest public work ever undertaken in the history of the world. This enterprise, and its ancillary power development, will require the use of tens of thousands of tons of steel.

Perhaps the Government of Canada has to enter into this agreement. Perhaps the President of the United States—long noted as a crank on this subject, is so deeply interested in it that his judgment is warped, and perhaps the Government of Canada, in order to maintain good relations with him, must concede the Seaway. In that event, we must record the fact that the incompetence and inefficiency illustrated in this decision to waste tens of thousands of tons of steel, at a time when an agent of the Government announces that steel is priceless and should not be wasted, cannot be blamed directly on the Government at Ottawa. Has the Government at Ottawa, however, really attempted to plead with Mr. Roosevelt on this point? I doubt it.

## Orders From Britain

Or take another case: the Minister of Munitions and Supply was recently in the United Kingdom alleged to be engaged in trying to persuade the British Government to transfer an increased volume of its orders for material of war to Canada. It has long been pointed out to the Government that Britain must transfer to Canada something in payment for the goods produced here for British account. In contrast with this, the United States Government has announced that it proposes to furnish Britain with all the goods which the United States can pro-

duce and send, and, in the words of the President of the United States, to remove the dollar sign from the transaction.

Assuming that the Congress of the United States endorses this program, it becomes clear that only blind folly would lead the British Government to place any further war orders in Canada. This country has not a productive capacity at all comparable with that of the United States. It is much easier for the British Government to obtain deliveries of vital materials from the Republic than from the Dominion.

Add to this the fact that the Dominion Government has consistently failed to announce unlimited credits to Britain, while the United States Government has made exactly that offer, and it becomes apparent that to send the Minister of Munitions and Supply of Britain to obtain more war orders is merely to waste time and effort.

## Thrift and Labor

Or consider the matter of war savings: we have had it dinned into us that it is vitally necessary for Canadians to reduce their consumption of labor and materials for non-war purposes, if the Government is to have sufficient labor materials available to carry out its war program. Yet, when it became clear that we were about to have a spending jamboree at Christmas, 1940, of unprecedented dimensions, the Dominion Government said nothing. It became a silent observer. It did not urge people to be wasteful, but it certainly utterly failed to urge them to be thrifty.

This question of personal thrift is a very vital one at present. Even Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Grant Dexter will not have the opportunity to say that, this time, the hands of the wealthy are dripping with the fat of sacrifice. Sometimes unwise enthusiasts shout that wealth would be conscripted as well as labor, but the facts of the case are that in Canada, in 1941, we have very thorough conscription of wealth, and only the beginning of conscription of labor.

Very rigid methods have been adopted to prevent capital from making more than a bare wage out of war activities. If, as is probable, these methods prove not entirely adequate, then there is not the least doubt that they will be extended and reinforced. On the other hand, labor has not been conscripted. Employment is on a wider scale, and wages are higher now than ever in the history of the country.

These things indicate that, if we are to obtain war savings, they must be sought from the worker—not from the capitalist. We are constantly being told that the national income is increasing so rapidly that there should be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary diversion of some of it to war expenditures, provided that the public are willing to abstain from using the added income

for the satisfaction of personal comfort. On the other hand, we see all around us evidence that this is not what is happening. The public is spending its war earnings for personal comfort.

In Britain they have met this by strict rationing of commodities, but we are not prepared to try that here—perhaps for the obvious reason that it would seem rather ridiculous in a country where there is no difficulty in obtaining commodities. Whatever the reason, we have followed a different policy, and have not that method of diverting war earnings into war savings and loans to the state.

We might take another case, which has to do with the adventures of the Hon. J. G. Gardiner in connection with butter. It is well-known that the peg of butter prices was imposed as a concession to a feeling in labor circles that the cost of living was rising. Labor has been given the most complete protection against having to pay any part of the war costs. The normal basis of wages is taken as being that which prevailed during the greatest boom in history, and labor is given an "escalator clause" by which wages are to rise *pari passu* with any increase in the cost of living. Despite that, the influence of labor has been used to check a perfectly normal and reasonable increase in the price of butter.

Faced by the inevitable reaction of the farmers, the Government chooses a way out by promising a minimum price for butter next summer. This simply commits us to an indefinite extension of the sort of guarantee of individual incomes which we have already provided in connection with the price of wheat. It contradicts all statements of governmental economic policy which we have ever had.

The facts of the case appear to be that there is no such thing as a Government at Ottawa. There is no body charged with the formulation of a national economic policy. Each of the multifarious departments, boards and commissions of the Government operates as though the others did not exist. The Labor Department, and certain boards known to be influenced by labor, issue edicts in one sense; these edicts clash with the policies of other department and boards. No attempt is made to reconcile the differing points of view. External Affairs agrees to the Seaway, without noting that this grandiose plan for the use of skilled labor and valuable material clashes with the announced policies of Munitions and Supply. Indeed, the Minister of Munitions and Supply is on record as being in favor of the Seaway.

## Accept Regulation

The public of Canada is obviously prepared to accept any amount of direction from the Government, but the direction must be intelligent. It must be part of a general economic program. It must commence with the enunciation of the economic policies which we propose to follow.

There is not the least difficulty in arranging such a program. We have extremely intelligent men in Ottawa, and, without calling in a single other person, the Deputy Ministers of the major departments could lay down the general principles which are to cover wages and prices, savings and taxation, the use of materials and labor, and the other factors which are vital in organizing the country for its colossal effort. These could then be reviewed by the Cabinet. Once agreed upon, they could be interpreted in the form of regulations, and what is far more important in the form of statements to be issued to the public for the guidance of the individual citizen in his business and personal policies.

We have to face the fact that our war effort is not being competently and efficiently conducted. To no small extent this is the direct result of chaos at headquarters. The sooner a serious and visible attempt is made to reduce this to order, the better for the safety of our lives and homes.



U.S. Generals test Garand rifles at New Hartford, Conn. A controversy has raged over the merits of the Garand and Johnson rifles. The former has been adopted by the Army; the latter has proven superior in tests.

# NATIONAL AFFAIRS

## Congression for National Unity

BY POLITICUS

AFTER the Great War there were left in Canada well-planted seeds of great disunity. One of the major causes of that disunity was the inequality of sacrifice by various sections of the Dominion in their contribution to casualties in the fighting forces. There was extremely poor handling of recruiting in some parts of the country, particularly in Quebec. There was the white feather. There was bitterness, hatred and vindictiveness that has lasted.

To the credit of Mr. King and his Government, Canada has come into the war thus far without the resurgence of racial disunity that marked the days of 1917. But part of that credit is also due to the course the present war has taken to date. There has been little demand for manpower. There have been few casualty lists. There has been quiet on percentages of enlistments in different parts of the country.

As there is no reason to believe a major war can be fought without loss of life so there is no reason to believe that racial animosity will not arise when the newspapers will again, as they did in '14-'18, publish long lists of killed in action and wounded. And with those lists will again come comparisons, will again come the very natural reaction of a mother or father who has lost a son when they look across at a neighbor's son so fit and healthy and out of uniform.

### Everyone's War

More than ever is this a people's war. More than ever must every one make his contribution. More than ever are the machines of war important. More than ever does the skilled mechanic find himself of highest importance in the struggle.

It is of course true that a first class tool-maker is more important to an all-out war effort than one administrative flying officer who flies from desk to desk. They can be trained with ease. Without the skilled tool-maker the whole effort is handicapped.

It is for that reason amongst others, that Great Britain instituted compulsory selective military service. Not only to make the fairest selection for the armed services but also to prevent a highly capable mechanic stepping into a uniform when he is of more use in his production job.

A high-spirited young fellow is hard to keep at the work bench, no matter how good a mechanic he is, when the fighting gets tough. He feels out of place in civilian clothes. His desire is for the more direct action of taking up arms. In the airplane industry that has already been found true. Some firms have even thought of uniforming their men, to keep them. All that would be unnecessary if Canada had in force a selective compulsory military system. Then if a man were in his

civilian job he would be there because he hadn't been called to the colors or he had been exempted because he is more useful at the work he is doing out of uniform.

Canada, it goes without saying, is racially unhomogeneous. According to the latest figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, those of the census of '31, here are the percentages of population: French, 28.22; English, 26.42; Scottish, 12.97; Irish, 11.86; German, 4.56; Ukrainian, 2.17; Hebrew, 1.51; Dutch, 1.44; Polish, 1.40; Indian, 1.18. Then there is a large number of other racial stocks.

Just as sure as you are reading this, if the voluntary system of service for the armed active forces continues there will, after the casualties come in, arise a cry that one group or another is not contributing its fair share of men in the front line. For many reasons those cries may be false. But as long as there are people who can personally gain by stirring up racial hatred there will be comparisons made. If there is a system of selective, compulsory service that cry will be a phony. That compulsory service is the only fair and decent way is agreed. The ones with fewest ties, with highest spirit, with greatest love of democracy or adventure must not be the only ones in the armed services. Rather is it the duty of all Canadians. And if there is going to be any balance in our war effort there ought to be compulsory service for duty when needed.

None other will spread the sacrifice more evenly. None other is the really sensible way. For as Mr. King said in his radio address on Sunday, February 2, "There is only one way to meet total war, and that is by total effort—effort not for a day, or a week, or a month, but every day until victory is won." Total effort must presuppose that the state places every person where he can best be used. And that individual alone should not be the one who makes the choice.

### Need for Material

It is very true that manpower in uniform is not needed today. As yet. That Canada has more men in uniform than it has equipment for. That there are thousands of men in the army, the navy and the air force whose training is handicapped for lack of equipment. Then it would be much wiser not to enlist men until the country is ready for them with training facilities. There are enough men in Britain today who lack equipment. The crying need is for material and not men. Would it then not be much wiser to call men as they are needed? When the country is ready to call them?

The plan of four months' training

for service in Canada only announced by Mr. King is just playing with the issue. It is a long way from the announcement in the House of Commons that all men physically fit and under 45 years "may and in fact will have not only the opportunity but the obligation to join the militia service of Canada." Now we have the announcement by Mr. King that only those who reach the age of 21 years will be given the training. When that training is done they can enlist if they choose or go back to their civilian pursuits.

Playing with the issue does not dispose of it. It may postpone the day when matters become acute. But the country is fully ready to do its job.

### How About Quebec?

To those who say, "How about Quebec?" The answer is clear. Quebec has balked at nothing the country has asked of it to date. It will not balk at this either. And to the credit of the French-Canadian it must be said that if there is anything wrong with the war effort in their province it is because of their leaders and not because of the people.

Since '17 there has not been an election fought in that province in which the victors as well as the losers did not try to outshout each other in the pledge of "No Conscription." Considering that an entire province has been conditioned to fear a word, the war effort on the part of Quebec has been truly remarkable.

It is now up to those very same people who tried for 22 years to make the words "Imperialism, Empire, Expeditionary Force, Conscription" coincidental with evil and serve to get them votes, to tell their constituents that they were wrong. That a united country needs compulsory selective service. That it will breed mutual trust, for even handed responsibility breeds understanding, not hatred.

Mr. King, in June 18, 1940 Hansard, on introducing the National Resources Mobilization Bill had this to say: "As far as manpower is concerned it will relate solely and exclusively to the defence of Canada on our own soil and in our own territorial waters." And later in the same report he says: "Once again I want to repeat my undertaking, frequently given, that no measure for the conscription of men for overseas service will be introduced by the present administration."

Mr. King is pledged. He has also along with politicians for all time since people voted, been pledged to other things. Time has brought about an alteration of circumstances enabling the pledges to become null and void. Not only posterity but the present generation will thank Mr. King if he realizes that altered circumstances free him from his pledge in this case.

How ridiculous our system is can be illustrated by one point. American conscripts will be sent to defend Newfoundland. Canada cannot send her four-month boys. Who can say that Newfoundland's defence is not vital to Canada?

The time for action on compulsory selective service for anywhere is now, while the blitz has not again started. Not when sudden events force a government's hand. For as Mr. King says: "There are many indications that, within a very short while, the enemy will make a tremendous effort to destroy the British Commonwealth by a series of smashing blows of unprecedented severity."

It is certain that the country will support Mr. King in an amendment to the National Resources Mobilization Act making service compulsory and selective for wherever needed. And Quebec will again show up its leaders as it has done before. That province has proved its readiness to do what is required. It will again.



H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, Governor of the Bahamas, inspects work of the Bahamas Branch of the British Red Cross. The Duchess of Windsor, President of the Branch, personally conducted him on the inspection.



Sir Cyril and Lady Newell with their children Georgiana, Diana and Francis at Government House, Ottawa, prior to leaving for New Zealand where Sir Cyril is now Governor-General. He was U.K. Chief of Air Staff.

Karsb, Ottawa

## There and Back

BY JENNIFER JEROME

WE MUST have covered about two-thirds of our journey when we ran into an air-raid. Immediately the already dim lights in our compartment went out, leaving us in total blackness. The train faltered and finally came to a stop as if uncertain as to what to do next.

"Hell," said S., "I suppose this means we'll be late in arriving. I was looking forward to a good dinner at the hotel."

"You're not in Canada any more, you know," said someone scornfully. "We may arrive there sometime tonight and we may not, and nothing you can do or say will have any effect on the situation, so you might just as well sit back and take it easy."

We pulled back the curtains and raised the blind and sat watching the bursts of gunfire in the sky. Every now and then we could hear the hum of a plane overhead. Our train went by fits and starts. She would joggle along slowly for a short time, and then would stop and stand motionless for minutes on end, until for no apparent reason she would take it into her head to get under way again.

Later on we managed to get some ham sandwiches and beer, which we consumed in the dark, at least those parts which were not distributed on the floor.

We discussed our plans for being torpedoed. S. was the only one of us who had made no provision of any sort.

"I'm not planning to go on any little boating expedition from the ship," he said firmly. "The rest of you may do what you like, but I am staying in my nice warm cabin. I might even relax and have a whisky and soda, but no boating expedition for me."

HOURS later we finally crawled into the station. We collected our numerous belongings and descended to the platform. Nobody seemed to know what to do next. The raid was in full swing, and it was pitch dark. The guns were having a fine time. There were no porters.

At the barrier the ticket-collector told us kindly but firmly to give up all hope of taxis or porters. This was a comfort as all the way along the platform S. had been roaring "porter" in what he said was an encouraging way. Now he realized the futility of this little game and gave it up. This was, I think, a relief to everyone.

We had just reached the street when we bumped into someone hurrying in the opposite direction. Examined by the light of the torch, it turned out to be a man. He looked hot and bothered. We asked him the way to the hotel. "You can't go there," he said abruptly, "it's been

bombed. I've just come from there. I'm taking the next train back to London. This is no place to be in tonight." He was off again as hard as he could go.

"Windy," said S. briefly. "Don't worry. Just follow me. I think I know the way."

OUTSIDE the streets were deserted. There was a red glow in the sky in the direction of the docks. The pavements were covered with glass from the shattered shop-windows. It made a pleasant tinkling noise as we picked our way cautiously over it. Finally we took to the road, where the going was much easier. S. was chuckling away to himself.

"It does my heart good to hear the guns again," he said. "They are certainly making a pretty noise tonight." Every now and then he would turn on his torch and peer hopefully around. "I don't see any dead bodies about," he said cheerfully, "but never mind. Listen to that plane overhead. Anything may happen any moment now."

We were laughing, but not far away people were perhaps dying. It was hard to realize.

There was a policeman stationed outside our hotel. He said that we couldn't go in, as there were some casualties inside. A land-mine had come down just across the street and the blast had been terrific. A good deal of damage had been done. The policeman directed us to a small temperance hotel a little further up the street. We found it without difficulty. There was a candle burning in the hall but no one in sight. We stumbled along through the back premises looking for someone in authority. A man stuck his head out of a door, and asked us if we were looking for the shelter. We told him that we wanted rooms for the night. Rather to our surprise there were lots of rooms still available. They were icy cold, but looked clean, so we took them at once. By this time S. was itching to be out in the raid again, so he hurried off to find the others. It sounded pretty lively still outside.

THE next morning we heard that our ship had been hit, and that she would not be ready to sail for sometime. We took the next train back to London. We ran into another air-raid and were six hours late in reaching Euston station.

"Oh well," said S. philosophically. "perhaps it is better to be bombed in London than to be drowned at sea during this sort of weather. I don't mind a warm drowning," he went on. "so if we survive the winter we might start out on another little pleasure cruise across the Atlantic, sometime around Easter."

The author of this article is the head of the Modern Languages Department of the University of Oklahoma, and a very distinguished American educationist. He is a Phi Beta Kappa, and holds several decorations for his services in the relief work in Belgium during the last war.

**I** EARLY all of us have no doubt had experiences whose serious significance has not become evident till years later. I remember three of my own, in particular, which have grown in importance with the years.

I

In 1910-11, three years before World War One, I had a temporary connection with an *Oberrealschule* secondary school putting the emphasis on the sciences, the modern languages, and the more practical subjects) in Magdeburg, Germany. One evening in the middle of January, one of my colleagues, a historian, a brilliant scholar and popular teacher brought his wife to spend the evening with us. He had been invited to deliver the annual Kaiser's Birthday address in the neighboring city of Braunschweig, and he had brought the manuscript along so that he could deliver the address to us. Through an unfortunate blunder the chocolate which my wife served had salt in it instead of sugar, and all of us but the orator took a sip or two and desisted. But that zealous patriot was so pleased with himself and his theme that salt was as sweet to his palate as sugar. Punctuating his reading with hearty gulps of the horrible liquid, he read with gusto a discussion of the beginnings of modern Germany which frankly admitted and even dwelt with complacency on Bismarck's brutality and treachery, and which closed with a prophecy of German world domination to be achieved by foul means as often as by fair, since the Germans are the world's predestined rulers and whatever contributes to the accomplishment of destiny is right.

He told me afterward that his address was received with great enthusiasm in Braunschweig, and I am sure he told the truth.

II

HALF-A-DOZEN years ago I was in frequent correspondence with a French publisher. His address in the earlier days of the correspondence was not Paris but a suburb. Several letters had been exchanged, when one day I received one of my letters back, marked "not found". If I had not had previous experience with the postal authorities of the Department of the Seine, I should have been completely dumbfounded. But knowing them as I did, I merely wrote to a Paris acquaintance, who had no difficulty in learning that the publisher had moved a short distance, into the city in fact, and who sent me the new address. This case of bureaucratic inefficiency seemed to me so flagrant that I felt the urge to do something about it. I wrote the Superintendent of Posts and Telegraphs of the Seine Department, telling him the story, and no doubt a bit tactlessly—complaining of the inadequacy of the French service with the capable and obliging handling of the mails in Chicago, New York, Berlin and London. He answered me, a little pettishly and rather vaguely, assuring me that I could always find that Paris handled her mails quite as efficiently as any other city in the world. After several further disappointing ex-

#### ADVICE ON A PET

(To A Beautiful Lady Who Asked For It)

THE goldfish is the pet for you: No bark has he nor does he chew. He does not want your love or care, And he couldn't muss your lovely hair; He makes no claim upon the mind; When never fed has never whined. Just floats docilely to the surface. And waits there nicely for the service. His needs are simple, you'd be free. Yet there he is for all to see! And he can win all sorts of prizes From other fishes of like sizes.

FREDERICK VAN BOEHMER.

# Germany, France, Britain

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

periences, I eventually wrote two letters about the situation, one to one of the leading Paris dailies, one to a prominent Paris magazine. Both ignored me.

III

A GOOD many years ago I studied for a short time at the University of Montpellier, in southern France. At the end of the semester, I was one of a group of foreigners who took a written examination.

There were several dozen of us—only one American, but six or eight Englishmen, as many Germans, eight or ten Russians, a sprinkling of North Africans, and one or two each from several smaller countries in both East and West Europe. The professor who presided was called out of the room and was gone for half an hour. The instant the door closed behind him, pandemonium

broke loose. Books, note-books and scraps of scribbling came out of obscurity, excited polyglots ran back and forth, called across the room, argued, pleaded, scrawled hastily from dictation, contradicted, shrieked. It seemed that cheating in examination is as prevalent in the Old World as in the New; that dishonesty, at least such petty dishonesty, is not a distinguishing racial or national trait; that it is world-wide.

But when the first confusion had

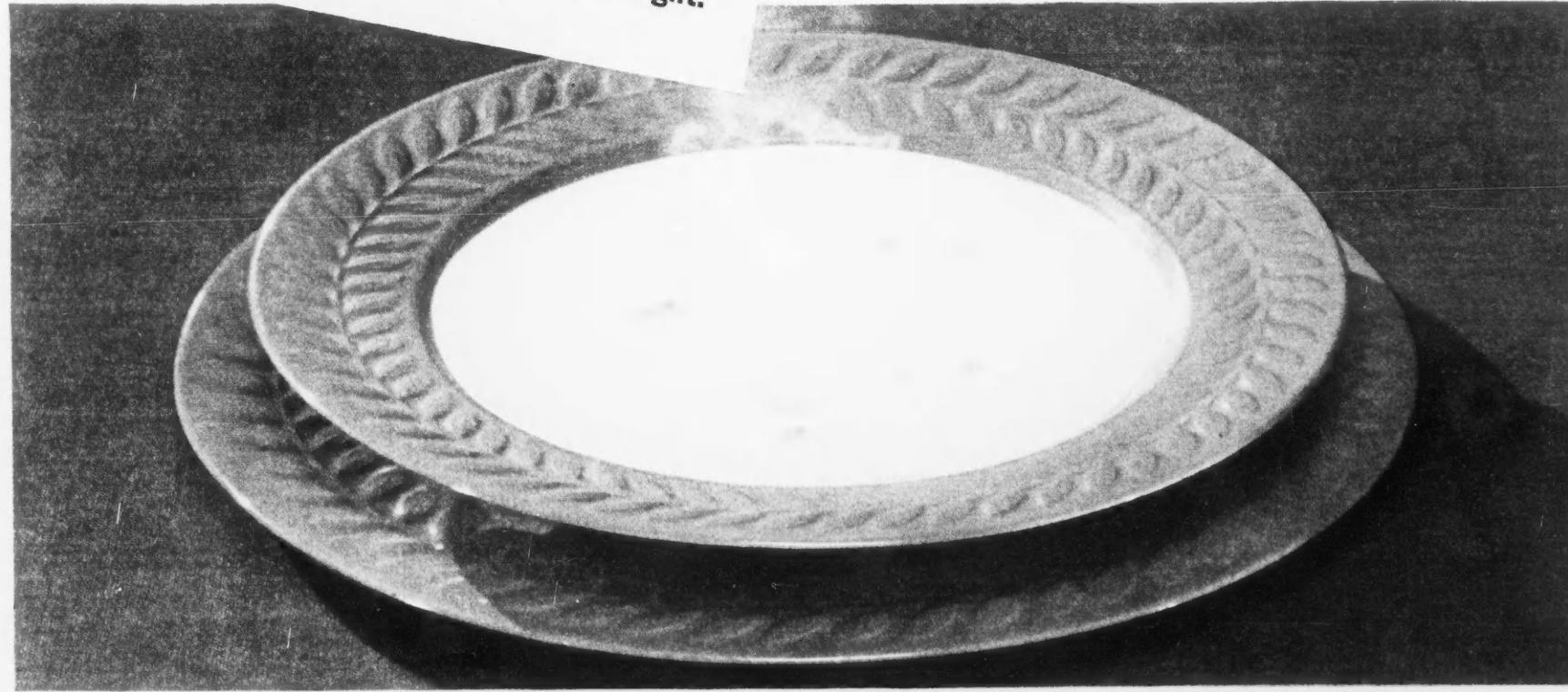
abated a little and I could catch all the details of the picture, I discovered that I was mistaken. Petty dishonesty does take some account of racial and national boundaries.

There were in that room half a dozen cool and silent individuals who had gone on writing just as before, without communicating with each other or any one else, without consulting books or notes, with no sign, except perhaps some slight movement of eye-brows or the corners of lips, that they were conscious of the unfortunate exhibition of weakness that went on around them.

THAT HALF DOZEN OR SO WERE ENGLISHMEN.

*A Party Soup comes home to stay...*

*Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, at first a special party treat, now a day-by-day family delight.*



"Two or three days later, I decided to serve it to the family at supper. It took only a few minutes to fix. And when it started to heat, and its delightful aroma rose from the saucepan, I was sure that everyone would enjoy it!"



"They did enjoy it! Dave said it was a treat to have Campbell's Cream of Mushroom again, and I was especially pleased to see the children spoon up every last bit of it. I knew for sure, then, that I had a new dish I could serve again and again. And it was a dish that not only tasted good, but one that was nourishing, too!"



MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE scrap iron business has fallen upon evil days in Vancouver. Since October 1, 1939, when the embargo on shipments to Japan went into effect, the market has been shot to pieces. Instead of being able to dispose of the commodity by the shipload at good prices, dealers now find themselves with immense stocks left rusting in storage spaces. Much of this valuable material is being dumped because there is no way of disposing of it.

Export restrictions keep it out of the United States, though there is need of scrap steel and scrap iron there for manufacture into armaments and munitions for sale to Great Britain. The United States, like Canada, stopped shipping scrap to Japan when it became obvious that this was too hazardous an enterprise under existing conditions in spite of assurances that only legitimate commercial use would be made of supplies received from this continent.

There is no steel mill west of Selkirk that can handle the scrap now accumulated in British Columbia, and it is not economically feasible to ship this bulky material as far east as Manitoba. The freight charges would be about equal to the value of the scrap at current rates.

Estimates on the quantity of scrap

## BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

### Scrap Over Scrap Piling Up

BY P. W. LUCE

iron deteriorating in the damp open air vary considerably. The Industries Committee of the City Council has had figures submitted to it which indicate the total is not far from 200,000 tons, but this is disputed by the Metal Trades Committee of the local branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, which puts the steel scrap at about 80,000 tons, and the scrap iron as a "comparatively small quantity."

In depression times, it is pointed out, stocks have mounted as high as 150,000 tons, and this has been eventually disposed of.

Current quotations for scrap are \$16.50 per ton, which compare favorably with Eastern prices.

#### What Can Be Done?

There have been many caustic comments directed at the federal government for its failure to take

advantage of the manufacturing possibilities of British Columbia, and the criticisms are increasing in number and intensity as time marches on and nothing much is done to remedy the situation. There are a large number of first-class mechanics walking the streets unable to get employment, and there is little hope that these will be absorbed in industry unless the government does something practical towards relieving existing conditions.

One suggestion is that the federal government subsidize the erection of a smelter on this coast. This proposal is by no means new. It has been advanced intermittently for at least four decades, but it has never got beyond the stage of experimental investigation. Young business men are hopeful they may live to

see something come out of it, but their elders are decidedly pessimistic.

A smelter capable of reducing the present mountain of scrap steel and iron to pig iron ingots would cost possibly \$3,500,000 for the first unit. As the capacity of such a smelter would be vastly in excess of scrap supplies, it would probably have to be established on Texada Island, where there are easily available large iron ore deposits, rich coal veins, and an ample supply of water of which 17,000 tons are needed for a day's operation.

Many millions of dollars would have to be invested in factories to turn the ingots into end products. High freight rates would make it difficult to market these outside local territory.

An alternative suggestion is the construction of a small puddling furnace and rolling mill. This would cost approximately \$500,000, and the money could be easily raised in Vancouver if the project looked like a good gamble. Unfortunately, experts and technicians are rather dubious of success because of the difficulty of operation, and hesitate to predict that the quality of steel turned out would be satisfactory for more than a limited number of uses.

Meanwhile the scrap piles serve as horrible examples of the indifference of the government to the immediate needs of this western province, in the candid opinion of those who keep themselves busy drafting resolutions of protest to Ottawa, and getting mighty little satisfaction out of it.

#### The Japanese Problem

The federal government's decision to register all Japanese in Canada is looked upon very much as waste effort in these parts by men who have given the subject of Oriental penetration considerable study. They point out that all Japanese were checked over at the National Registration a few months ago, and that the authorities could do more good by abrogating the Gentlemen's Agreement, which permits the entry of 150 Japanese a year, than by registering individuals.

"All the data collected will just be pigeon-holed," they assert.

The operation of Japanese schools in various centres has lately been the subject of acrimonious comment. Although all Japanese children in Vancouver must attend public school, a large number of them supplement this education by going to national schools after regular hours. There are six known Japanese schools in the city. One of them has an enrollment of 900, and the textbooks used are the same as those used in Japan, lauding Japanese institutions and fostering a spirit of national pride hardly in keeping with what is expected of young citizens of Canada, whatever their color or creed.

In addition to these schools, there are Japanese kindergartens, including some in the white residential districts.

While attendance is not compulsory, it is pretty general. The argument is advanced that unless the children go to one of these schools the time will come when they will find it difficult to converse with their parents who have not studied English. Japanese textbooks are used, it is pointed out, because there are no other kind available for the purpose. The boys and girls apply themselves to these lessons most diligently, but that is characteristic of them in the public schools as well, where they are usually found well up towards the head of the class.

The Japanese authorities strongly deny that their government in any way subsidizes these private schools, and it is unlikely that this could ever be proved. The suspicion persists, however, that these institutions are not run entirely on the trifling sum parents are able to pay for each pupil.

Japanese of military age have been protesting forcibly against the government ruling that forbids their enlistment. Members of the "Nisei"—the second generation Japanese—have sent a telegram to Prime Minister King, demanding equality of military privileges and expressing loyalty to the country of their birth.

Curiously enough, Japanese students at the University of British Columbia are compelled to take military training, and many of them are members of the Canadian Officer Training Corps. This is the only university in Canada where Japanese are training in large numbers, but it may not be altogether free choice. Any male student who refuses to train at the U.B.C. is subject to dismissal. One honor student said to be a member of Jehovah Witnesses, has been asked to drop out because he declined to begin arms.

#### Migration from Prairies

Since the Dominion census was taken in 1931 the population of British Columbia has been steadily increasing, with the majority of the newcomers coming from the prairies. An unofficial estimate made at the Parliament Buildings in Victoria indicates that nearly 60,000 persons have come to B.C. from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, in the past ten years. A number of these unfortunately, were victims of the drought and adverse economic conditions, and are either on relief, or eking out an existence as best they can while waiting until they can qualify for this help.

The influx of children from the prairies has created a serious problem in many of the rural municipalities, where school accommodation has been greatly taxed and long-established residents have groaned under the resultant financial burden. Parents, in many cases, have had much difficulty in re-establishing themselves.

The latest report shows that there are 20,746 individuals receiving public assistance in Vancouver. This is 10,000 below the corresponding figure of twelve months ago.

The chief factors in the reduction are enlistments, improved employment conditions in some trades, and the dropping of certain age groups from the lists, a decision which resulted in some "tin-canning" by hungry young men, a few of whom were jailed for their activities. Most of these "tin canners" were classified as transients, but they will probably be here when the census count is taken this summer.

It is expected that an increase of at least 100,000 will be shown, about 14 per cent from the 1931 census when the count was 694,263. Unofficial guesses go as high as 800,000 but provincial statisticians think 781,000 will be about right.

The latest civic count gives Vancouver a population of 269,454, as of December 31, 1939. A lot of people won't be satisfied until the 300,000 mark is passed.

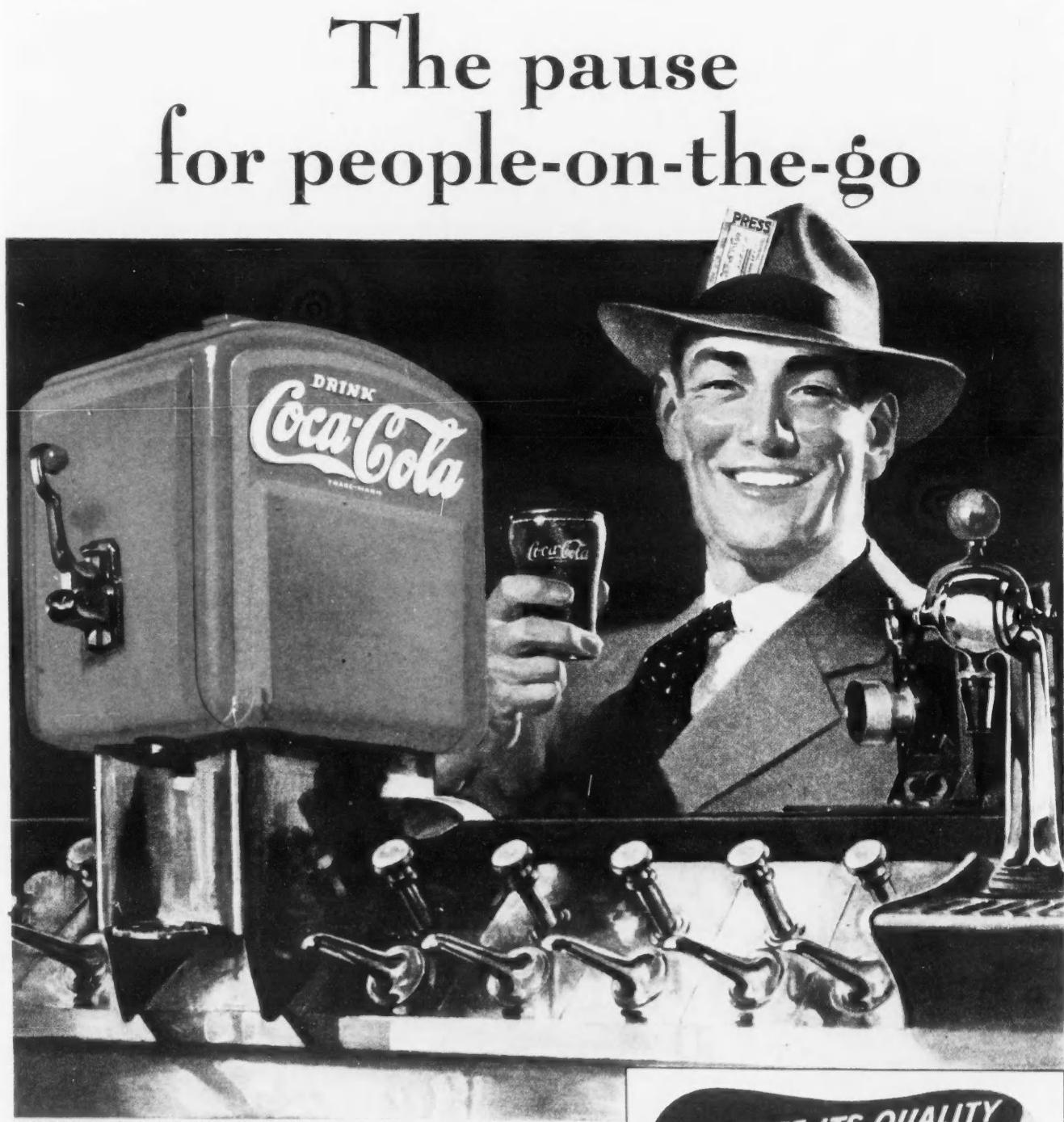
#### Dog Bartender Dead

Vancouver Island's famous dog bartender is dead, the victim of a traffic accident. Mike, nine-year-old fox terrier, had an honorary membership in the Beer Salesmen Union, a steady job at Charles Winfield's tavern at Bowser, a regular clientele, and a collection of press clippings that included a full column in the New York Sun by the famous world reporter, Bob Davis.

Mike tended bar for eight years. He carried a bottle of beer, wrapped in a towel, from the counter to a table, jumped up on a chair, placed the bottle before the customer, collected the money, brought back the change, and cleared away empty bottles. He had no objections to drinking on duty, but he never overdid it.

Tourists travelled miles for the privilege of being served by Mike, and his photograph was taken hundreds of times every summer.

Ritzi, Mike's daughter is to serve as barmaid in her father's stead in future, but she still has a lot to learn.



People on-the-go are never too busy to go to the soda fountain. It's a place where the hurried are glad to take a minute for the pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola"...that refreshing little stop that keeps you going. Try it. 5¢

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# Hitler and Stalin Swap Trade Pacts

BY JACK ANDERS

WHATEVER else may or may not be exchanged in trade between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, there is no gainsaying that the trade in one "commodity" is brisk between the two; that commodity is trade agreements.

The peak of Russian-German commerce since the First World War was in 1931 when the two exchanged goods to the total value of 1068 million marks. Almost three quarters of this amount were German exports to one quarter German imports from Russia.

When the Nazis obtained power, the trade between the two countries dwindled away and was practically nil by May 1939. This was so although in December 1938 a trade agreement was concluded. It merely stipulated that the Trade Agreement of 1938 should remain in force for another year.

Three days before the conclusion of their Non-Aggression Pact, Germany and Russia made a trade agreement on August 20, 1939. It was for two years and provided for German exports of 200 million marks, and German imports of 180 million marks; all told just over one-third of the 1931 trade, and that over two years. As one sees, quite a modest aspiration. The modesty lasted only a little over a month. Early in October 1939 a German economic delegation arrived in Moscow to negotiate the economic program that had been "envisioned by Ribbentrop" when he was in Moscow to sign the Non-Aggression Pact.

Everything went off amicably, and the Russians sent a delegation to Berlin to find out what Germany could send in the way of manufactures and machinery. The delegation remained very reticent about what it found out, but a few months later a bombshell burst. Russia and Germany concluded a new trade agreement in February 1940.

The Russians merely said that the agreement provided for the export of raw materials from Russia to Germany, against German industrial supplies of an equivalent value to Russia. Such a sober statement was of course too colorless for Goering, and his *Essener National Zeitung* trumpeted that the trade figures for 1940 were to exceed those of 1931. In 1931 over 6 per cent of all German imports had been from, and over 11 per cent of all German exports had been to, Russia. In 1938 and 1939 the figures were fractions of one per cent.

## Joy to Nazi Hearts

Goering's paper also declared that details of the raw materials and goods to be supplied were strictly secret, but they were well-informed, of course, and in the position to lift the veil: Germany would obtain tin, chromium ore, platinum, phosphates, oil cake, butter, flour, cotton, manganese ore, flax, hides, and of course oil—in short everything that makes a Nazi heart laugh; whether the Russians had it or not.

It was in December 1939 that the frontier between Russian Poland and Germany was, under an agreement between the Soviets and the Nazis, joined at eight points. At the same time the Nazis concluded a railway agreement with the Rumanians whereby the line from Cernauti to Lemberg was opened, and thus there was a direct rail connection between Rumania and Germany by way of Poland (in addition to the Great Berlin-Balkan line).

In July last a Russian tanker train crashed into a German goods train at Minsk where the Russian broad gauge tracks and the German normal tracks meet. The oil spilled and caught fire, and so did the vital goods station. It was made unusable, at least for a considerable time, and the trains had to make a detour of 200 miles in order to transfer the oil from Russian into German tankers. At the same time, and in the same region, there was an epidemic of clashes between Nazi and Russian frontier guards. The Russians blamed the accident at Minsk on Polish sabotage, and the Ger-

Since August 1939 the Nazis and Soviets have concluded six agreements relating to trade between them. Each agreement stipulated higher, more fantastic figures.

Nothing, however, is being said about the actual trade being conducted. The question of what Russia can supply is not decisive. But even if Stalin wanted to go all out, we need not worry overmuch.

mans, less polite, said the Russians did it.

Of course, these are only minor affairs, but seeing the dislocations which the Finnish War caused in the communication system all over Russia, it is necessary to give the transport question as much attention as the question of the goods themselves, in assessing the importance of Nazi-Soviet trade agreements.

The stream of such agreements was continued two weeks ago with the new trade deal of January 10, the fourth since August 1939, in addition to the railway and consulates agreements. German papers spoke

of an exchange of goods to the value of billions of marks, which, to put it mildly, appears exaggerated. In 1938 the "billions" were about 80 millions, imports and exports together. In 1939 it was probably a little more, and in 1940 maybe a great deal more, but most certainly still worlds away from one billion even.

Tass, the official Soviet news agency, said the deliveries would considerably exceed the level of the agreement of 1940. But they did not say what that level was. When the Russians speak of a level, one is always reminded of their Five Year Plans. They have three levels; the

Plan figure, which is what should be achieved in every industry; the control figure, which is higher than the Plan figure, and states the maximum of production to which an industry is allowed to go because, if it went beyond, it would disturb the raw material supply of other industries; and thirdly the actual production figure. The Plan and control figures are widely advertised; the output figures less widely, in fact they go hardly beyond the "inner circle."

We may be sure that Stalin will make great efforts to help Hitler economically, the more the worse things look for the Axis this year. Whether he can do it effectively, is another question. But this is the only point where the question of what Stalin can do comes into the picture. On the whole the question of what Russia will do for the Nazis depends not on what she can do, but on what Stalin wants to do. Whatever that may be, we need not worry overmuch about the new trade agreement from the viewpoint of what he can do, even if he wanted to go all out.

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## Hitler's Alternatives: (1) Invasion

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

HITLER has the choice of attempting to take Britain by storm, to blockade and bomb her into submission, or to turn away from her, conquer the rest of Europe, and Russia, and seek to negotiate a stalemated peace. The first course has the attraction of promising a quick and sudden end to the war and automatically assuring Germany mastery of Europe, Africa and a good part of Asia. But it also carries the risk of sudden and total defeat.

Pinching off Britain's sea-borne supplies and bombing her ports and population until she is ready to submit does not promise such quick victory; but neither does it hold the danger of early defeat. And if it proved insufficient in itself, such an attack could be considered as preparing and "softening" Britain for a later attempt at invasion. Or again, the second alternative might be combined with the third, and while his U-boats, surface raiders and his main air fleet were blockading and bombing Britain, Hitler might employ his powerful land forces to conquer the rest of Europe and improve his bargaining position for a negotiated peace.

### Slow Poison of Delay

In this, however, he runs the risk that his conquests won't influence the British or Americans to press for peace, just as in relying on blockade he risks having all his plans knocked into a cocked hat by a declaration of American belligerency and the throwing of the U.S. Navy into the scales. Once the United States is committed, by the Lease-Lend Bill, to see Britain through, and begins to mobilize her plane-building and ship-building resources in earnest, every month that he postpones decisive action would appear to be a lost month for Hitler. And that is the reason to which one always returns, twist the problem as one will, for believing that Hitler may try a knockout blow against the British Isles, the only place where the war can be won, in the near future. The best discussion which I have seen of his chances is by the Austrian engineer Possony, in the January 25 copy of *The Nation*. Possony's main argument is that if Hitler refrained from attacking last summer when Britain was so ill-prepared, it can only have been because Germany too was ill-prepared for this new kind of venture. She has probably spent the winter diligently preparing special new equipment and training her troops in new tactics.

"German soldiers had been trained for war in Holland, Belgium and France. They had been trained on

replicas of French and Belgian fortifications constructed in Poland. . . They knew how to achieve and exploit a break-through. . . The *Luftwaffe*, the *Panzer* divisions, the paratroopers and the motorized artillery could be employed efficiently only in western Continental Europe. It is to this special training that Germany's lightning victories may be attributed. . . In addition, the German General Staff had thought out countless stratagems and ruses to make even the strongest positions of the Allies worthless. Neither such training nor such artfulness can be improvised in a few weeks."

That seems a sound argument. To

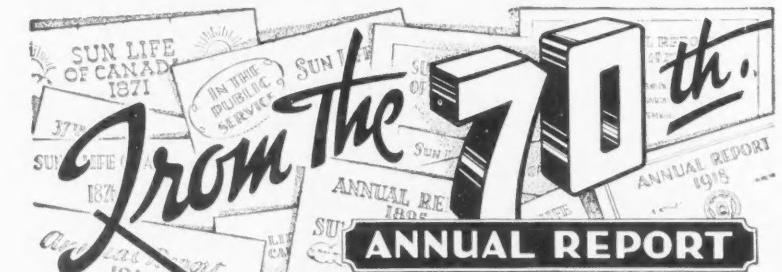
prepare an invasion of Britain right on top of the conquest of the Low Countries and France was a bigger order than most of us realized last summer. The Germans had no special knowledge of the British defences which were being rushed up. They had not had time to think up tricks to overcome them, and drill their troops in these tricks. Their plan seems to have been the basically simple one of driving our fighters out of the air and then doing a "Rotterdam" to London to terrorize the British into capitulation. The invasion by the barge-loads of troops was to have been little more than a follow-up.

Possony believes that the idea of using ordinary barges from which

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ON EACH WORKING DAY OF 1940, policyholders and beneficiaries received \$336,000, or a total for the year of \$94,173,482. Of this amount, no less than 73% was paid to living policyholders, and the balance to the dependants of policyholders who died.

\$169,508,809 of New Assurances were issued during the year increasing the total of assurance protection to the amount of \$2,963,708,831. . . The number of Policies now in force (including Group Certificates) exceeds one million, two hundred thousand. . . Total Assets now stand at \$950,794,366, the highest in the history of the Company.

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Pilot of the Fleet Air Arm which destroyed over 1/3 of Italy's capital ships at Taranto in November, 1940.

the soldiers would jump and storm the beaches has been abandoned. Amphibian tanks and fast, armored barges with special runways and cranes for quick unloading form the basis of the new plan. Monitors will cover landing operations while large numbers of motor torpedo boats, along with aeroplanes and submarines, will prevent interference from the British Navy. "Of all these weapons Germany, in July 1940, had only sufficient planes. The production of everything else began only then."

The writer expects the Germans to throw their entire navy, including possibly two new 35,000-ton

battleships, into the attempt. But it is the motor torpedo boats which he believes offer the greatest danger to the British Navy. In theory these "mosquito" craft, with their great speed and their small size, do seem very threatening. But the Germans tried them out quite extensively at Dunkirk, and off and on in the Channel all last summer and fall, and though they got a few of our ships, we have also sunk a fair number of torpedo boats. M. Possony, who was raised far inland, disposes of the British Navy rather too easily. Still, he may accurately mirror German hopes of their torpedo craft.

#### Great Faith in R.A.F.

M. Possony has greater faith in the R.A.F., however, and rates it as relatively stronger than last summer, and still superior in quality to the *Luftwaffe*. He doesn't believe the Germans will be able to use their *Stuka* "flying artillery," which contributed so much to their victories in Poland and the West, to smash the British coast defences; and even if they could, thinks that the terror technique of the dive-bombers, with their screaming sirens, motors and bombs, would be wasted on the British. "That means that the Germans probably cannot conquer the British positions by the *Luftwaffe* alone, but will be obliged to rely heavily on artillery. This necessarily greatly increases the difficulties of invasion..." With British armaments now superior to German in quality, with mines and burning oil on the water, and above all, with the activity of the R.A.F. hampering the invaders, bridgeheads on British soil will only be established at terrific cost.

If, against all expectations, the Germans do get a foothold (and paratroopers would play a large part in this), the writer thinks that the *Panzer* columns would be decimated by British guerrilla tactics, and that the bitter-end defence of every town and hamlet, every bridge and crossing, would be a new experience for the Germans. "This time Hitler would meet opposition of a different quality from anything he has met before."

#### Gas, Poison, Bacteria?

But, it seems to me, Hitler's chances in such a clash of speed boats, tanks and planes are so poor, he will not try it unless he has some other and powerful weapon which he trusts will give him decisive victory. What can this be but the use of gas, poison, bacteria? Here there is a wide-open gap in Possony's article, for he doesn't so much as mention them. It is surely a strange thing that although Germany has the largest chemical industry in the world and the least scruples about such methods, gas and poison, and the bacteria which appealed so much to Hitler's mentor Banse, have not

been used at all. The supposition is that Hitler has been saving them up for the decisive reckoning, that they are his "secret weapons."

I am prepared to see the Germans attempt to spray mustard gas over our aerodromes in the invasion area, drop bacteria in large quantities over London, use arsenic (of which they are reported to have imported huge quantities from Sweden, where it is a by-product of the Boliden gold mine) to poison British water supplies, and gasoline in some new incendiary technique. I say "attempt": for between them and success in each of these fiendish ventures stands the R.A.F. It is one thing to have the gas, poison and bacteria ready on the French side of the Channel, and another to place them where the Nazis want, *when* they want, and *effectively*.

Here I think M. Possony has passed too lightly over the greatest weapon on the British side, our constant aerial reconnaissance (and no doubt the work of sympathetic elements in France and the Low Countries) which warns us of any great German attempt, and the work of the R.A.F. in hammering and disrupting the German invasion armada before it can leave its bases. Incidentally, I expect that this time the Germans will launch everything at once, and not build up their attack by stages, as they did last fall. Mr.



**British bomber pilots in Greece.** Early this week, Greek military operations in Albania were described as "highly satisfactory". In one engagement over the Drinos River, eighteen Italian planes were shot down.

Hanson Baldwin of the New York Times adds the intriguing suggestion that the British might stage a little counter-invasion of France just at the moment the Nazis were taking off, to throw them off their balance. Invasion thus remains a terrific gamble for Hitler, but M. Possony nevertheless expects him to try, reminding us that he has "customarily escaped from his embarrassments by fleeing forward."

## Burnt Hands



## dread the Fire

Sometimes the GORE agent will say to hesitant property owners, "One little fire might save you thousands of dollars!" Once endure the heartbreak and loss of a home, uninsured or not adequately insured, and you would not be caught the second time!

But why wait till trouble comes? The GORE will assume all risks for you now — pay promptly if fire damages or destroys your home, its furnishings and your valuable possessions.

#### There's a difference in companies

Choose your fire insurance company carefully. Printed policy conditions are alike, by government regulations. But companies differ—in management, promptness of payment, financial strength. Look for the name GORE MUTUAL on your fire insurance policy, and do not be satisfied until you see it.

The GORE is a mutual fire insurance company—the oldest and strongest in Canada. It is operated for the benefit of its policyholders alone.

Consult the GORE agent in your community. He is an experienced business man, chosen for his known ability. You will find him a good man to deal with.

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**GORE  
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MUTUAL  
FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
GALT, ONTARIO



A Greek soldier says Good-bye. Early this week the Greeks smashed four Italian attacks in Drinos River area.

## An open message to Johns-Manville Employees\*

**WHILE** the new year is still young, it is timely and important that we should take the measure of the big job facing all of us during 1941.

Because of the demands placed on every business and every citizen by our country in this critical time, our work is clearly cut out for us. We must contribute to the utmost of our ability to the national war effort.

Already, about one-third of all J-M production is demanded for war requirements. And this demand is growing daily. Some of it has been due to the increased need for J-M products for direct government projects. Some of it is the result of sales to expanding industries which use our products and are themselves working "all out" to fill war orders.

\* \* \*

With every increased demand, Canadian Johns-Manville has stepped up production to meet it. Several departments, which have been most affected, are now operating up to seven days a week, 24 hours a day.

This is particularly true of our operations at Asbestos, P.Q. Here, our asbestos mine—which we can all feel proud of as the largest in the world—our mill and factory, are working steadily at top speed.

We of Canadian Johns-Manville should constantly keep in mind the *dual* contribution our J-M mine makes to Canada's win-the-war programme. Firstly, of course, it provides the basic raw material for many of our most widely used industrial materials. But secondly—and possibly of greater importance at this time—is the fact that asbestos mined here and exported to the United States aids our government in financing purchases of American-made war materials. *In this, these exports added millions of dollars worth of U.S. exchange to the Dominion's purchasing power.*

So far as we can see, 1941 exports from the J-M mine will produce at least as many millions more.

\* \* \*

As the coming weeks march by we will necessarily have to increase production more and more. This means we will have to find and widen out all the "bottlenecks" and increase the productivity of every machine. Through everything, we must remember that the policy of "business as usual" is shelved for the duration. Business cannot be conducted "as usual" in this emergency. War demands come first. This means co-operation by all of us, by management and by employees.

Naturally we shall be called upon to make sacrifices. Taxes will be heavier. Raw material and manufacturing costs will probably rise. We shall all have to bear the burden. We shall have to redouble our efforts to reduce waste and increase efficiency so that not only will we be able to deliver quality goods in record time, but also keep prices in check.

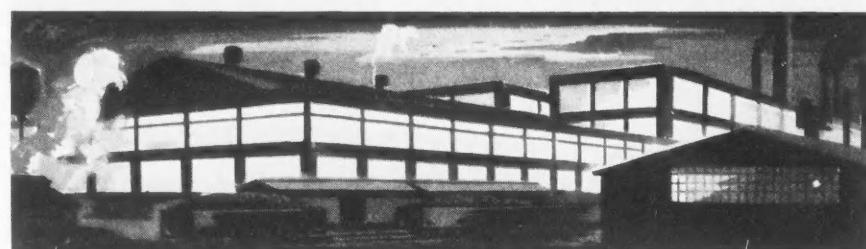
\* \* \*

A word to each of you, individually: Some of you will feel the call to active service in the armed forces of Canada. To you, as to the many employees who have already answered the call, we say "Go ahead and good luck".

To all of you, we would like to repeat the words of Prime Minister Winston Churchill: "The workers are soldiers . . . with different weapons". We can all do our bit by working just a little harder than we think we can work—and by buying War Savings Stamps and Certificates.

Your company most urgently asks you to save to the utmost, investing your savings in War Savings Certificates and Stamps. No better investment could be found . . . and Canada vitally needs every cent you can contribute.

\* Although not directly engaged in the manufacture of munitions or armaments, Canadian Johns-Manville furnishes many products essential to industry's war effort. This message, from a bulletin issued to all J-M employees, is reprinted here to inform other Canadians in industry of the contribution of Johns-Manville producers to the common war effort.



## Fewer minutes to spare

As the nation quickens its production, fewer minutes can be spared in obtaining statistics upon which to base vital decisions . . . fewer minutes can be wasted tracing stock and parts . . . fewer minutes can be used up in looking for clerical errors in budgets, specifications, estimates and commitments.

Throughout the years industry has relied upon Burroughs products to provide the prompt figure controls so vital to business production.

Today's Burroughs machines provide essential records and control figures in less time, with less effort, and at less cost.

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MONTREAL      OTTAWA      TORONTO

# THE SCIENCE FRONT

## Searchlight Is Now On Wood

BY H. DYSON CARTER

FIVE years ago wood was finished. Eminent engineers assured us that very soon all our houses would be built of concrete and metal. Furniture would be curved steel pipe padded with synthetic rubber. Airplanes could be stamped out like automobile fenders, made of lightweight alloys. Wood was a material for the museum, or at best a source of paper pulp and cellulose. One more push and wood might disappear entirely from the industrial stage.

Many developments made these predictions fall flat. Number One discovery in the wood world was the modern application of something known to every carpenter since saws and chisels were invented. This is the simple fact that two strips of wood, glued together with the direction of their grains crossed at right angles, form a unit much stronger than a single strip of double thickness. Such laminated wood doesn't split either way and is tough and resilient. Furthermore, there is no limit to the size of wood pieces built up in this manner. The weakness and smallness of wooden units is thus overcome.

Then came plywood. From a crude material crudely made, this manufactured wood has become almost overnight a competitor of composition boards, steel, aluminum alloys and plastics. Probably the finest plywood in the world is being made in our own country. Certainly the largest plywood factory in the Empire is in British Columbia. Canadian research did much to perfect a product long considered impossible: durable weatherproof plywood for outdoor use. In the last year and a half the new industry has practically made itself over in what promises to be only the first step of a continuous advance based on the new, and as yet unnamed, science of wood. Chemistry, physics, engineering and rule-of-thumb have pooled resources to write a new leading role for our Douglas fir.

In its early days, plywood was hampered by tradition. Thin sheets of wood, grain-crossed, were glued together with standard glues, clamped tight in presses, and allowed to set slowly. The process was tedious. All manner of defects resulted. So much glue had to be used that the thin wooden sheets soaked up considerable water, and this made final sanding (smoothing) difficult. A sort of surface disease set in, known as "check", the symptoms of which were tiny hairline cracks. And of course no wood glued with a watery adhesive could be used outdoors.

### A Year of Rapid Growth

A surprising feature of this new industry is the quick-change act it staged in 1939-40. Chemists put plywood in test tubes and reported at once that there was nothing wrong with the wood. The glues were the trouble makers. Now, in the steel or rubber industries, a basic change in manufacturing method might well be a matter of three years' research and five years' testing. But the woodmen jumped straight from laboratory samples to million-square-feet production schedules. In two strokes plywood manufacturing was revolutionized.

First, hot pressing replaced cold. The same types of glues were used, but the formulas were exactly controlled so that less adhesive was needed, less water, and vastly less time to set. While the plants switched over to this new one-minute method, the chemists came through with a second communiqué. They reported that plywood could be made with synthetic resins in place of glues for bonding the wooden sheets. A little longer time would be needed for the sticking operation (about four minutes), but the resultant sheet would be water- and weatherproof. From a chemist's point of view the process was

nothing to get mathematical over. Industry took a different view. So swift was the rise in demand for weatherproof plywood that there are now more than 2,000 established uses for the stuff.

Immediately preceding the war, the research emphasis was on improving the decorative value of plywood for interior finishing. Douglas fir, when stained, tended to give highly contrasted hard and soft graining. Here again chemists provided the answer. Now the panels are surface treated by flooding them with specially developed synthetic resins, scraping off the excess and sanding to smoothness. The result is a variety of made-to-order finishes. Panels can be produced in this way to take stain almost like hardwoods.

While a ten-foot panel has usually been the standard maximum size for plywood, obviously wood can be stuck together to any limit. Already one company is producing giant wall-sized panels. With these a room can be built in four pieces, without a seam. While the natural finish has many attractions for house construction, latest experiments indicate that a special bonded cloth fabric has unusual advantages. Most important of these is *fire resistance*. During tests, a burning room panelled with fireproofed cloth-covered plywood did not permit spread of the flames to the adjoining room for more than an hour. Insurance companies and contractors will not be slow to boost such material to home, office and factory builders.

### Long Sought "Wood Plastic"

Plywood is today widely used in truck bodies, boats and aircraft. Recently there was announced a plywood airplane of practically all wood construction. No sooner did this piece of news bring a complicating headache to American plane planners, than the United States Forest Products Laboratory, a government research organization of unquestioned repute, filed patent applications for a process which may return wood to top place as a fabricating material. The Yankee chemists

have discovered the long sought "wood plastic". Oak wood soaked in concentrated urea solutions, then dried, undergoes remarkable chemical and physical changes. By simply heating it, dry, to the temperature of boiling water, it is made plastic enough to be bent and formed into complex shapes. On cooling, the wood regains its original hardness. And if oak chips or sawdust is used the "plastic" can be moulded or pressed without the high temperature and pressure required for synthetic plastics. The urea treated sawdust is self-adhesive, binding to a solid mass.

### A New Industrial Scene

It is idle to predict what will be done with the new wood. It does make possible the mass production of an infinite number of articles hitherto restricted to metal. And at the present moment aircraft designers are battling over the question of dural versus wood. As the American reporter W. B. Courtney points out in *Collier's*, all-metal planes are neither strong nor uninflammable. The big transport ships crumple like paper when they crash. Their aluminum-magnesium metal sheathing burns so fiercely that fire dooms all occupants. With standard wood construction now used in the Wellington bomber, Hurricane fighter and other ships, it seems inevitable that stronger "manufactured" woods of the plywood or plastic variety are due for immediate application to military aircraft. Wood and fabric planes take about as long to make as metal ships. But the latest wood processes completely change this picture. Plywood and moulded woods make possible a practical plane of the much discussed "mass production by stamping out" type.

War use or not, factory produced woods are raising the curtain on a new industrial scene. We've waited twenty years for the super metals that somehow haven't showed up, despite millions spent on metallurgical research. In the meantime plastics of all kinds took the spotlight. Wood in some form seems destined to be the real mass production plastic of the future.

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★ It's travel as usual to Bermuda this winter. Tropical, Bermuda is still as British as Bond Street . . . as pleasant and peaceful as ever. The moment you touch its coral shores, every world-jaded nerve is lulled to rest. Summer sports or lazy loafing are yours for the easy getting there. By special arrangement with the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board you can now go by way of the United States. Your travel agent can make all necessary arrangements.

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SETTLE DOWN in one of those roomy seats and you'll see what a spacious car Ford really is. The seats hold three people in real comfort. You've a clear view of the great outdoors through expansive Ford windows—glass area is increased as much as 33%. Big, wide-opening doors make it easy to get in and out.

Press the starter and glide out on the road! See how easy this car handles, how obedient it is to the touch of your toe. Note how quietly it runs, how softly—smoothly it rides, how its softer springs and ride stabilizer cushion the bumps.

But with all its big-car performance and elegant styling and finish, Ford is the economical car to operate. It's still lowest in first cost. It's thrifty with gasoline and it's built with such simplicity and ruggedness that it seldom needs repairs.

Your Ford-Mercury dealer will be glad to have you come in and inspect the 1941 Ford models.

*\$3.5 a month, with reasonable down payment, buys any Ford V-8.*

**DRIVE A FORD V-8**

## NEW DIRECTOR



W. B. Powell

of Hamilton, Ontario, who was elected to the Board of Directors of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada at the Annual Meeting of the policyholders held at Waterloo.

ADDRESSES POLICYHOLDERS  
MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

R. O. McCulloch

President of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, who addressed the policyholders at the Seventy-First Annual Meeting at Waterloo.

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## ARE ECONOMICAL TO OPERATE AND MAINTAIN



## → High Gas Mileage

Each Dodge Job-Rated Truck has the right one of six truck engines for correct power with economy. High compression design saves on gas. By-pass thermostat reduces choking, saves fuel. Valve seat inserts and 4-ring pistons maintain compression.

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Full-length water jackets keep whole cylinder wall cool—reduce oil burning. Crankcase ventilation prevents oil dilution. Two oil control rings, plus two compression rings per piston, prevent oil waste. Oil bath air cleaner for longer oil life.

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Precision-type engine bearings give longer life and low replacement cost. Superfinish on crankshaft greatly reduces wear. Water distributing tube maintains even operating temperature. Exhaust valve seat inserts reduce valve grinding.

IT'S A MATTER OF  
*Quality*  
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Each Dodge Truck is built throughout with the right sized units for handling the truck's load—the right sized engine, frame, transmission, clutch, rear axle, springs and brakes—for long life and low operating costs.

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Your Dodge Dealer can give you the complete story of the Dodge line of Job-Rated Trucks. There are nine standard models and three cab-over-engine models with wheelbases ranging from 116 inches to 220 inches. One of these Dodge Job-Rated Trucks fits your job.

**DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS COVER 98% OF ALL HAULING NEEDS!**

## C.P.R.'s Jubilee

BY E. HAROLD BANKS

It was sixty years ago that the Canadian Pacific Railway received its charter; that was on February 17, 1881. It fought an uphill battle against financial difficulties until it proved its worth in the Riel Rebellion; after that, opposition collapsed, and abundant loans were forthcoming.

After 60 years' service, the Canadian Pacific Railway has done its bit in cementing Canadian Confederation, and is looking forward to the next 60 years with confidence. It has grown until it is one of the greatest transportation systems in the world and is adding its mighty "bit" to Canada's war effort.

ON MONDAY, February 17, the Canadian Pacific Railway is celebrating the diamond jubilee of its birth for it was on February 17, 1881, that the company was organized with George Stephen, later Lord Mount Stephen, president, Duncan McIntyre, as Vice-president and R. B. Angus and J. J. Hill on the executive committee.

Two days before, the Dominion government, worn out by the hopelessness of its own efforts to build a transcontinental railway and fear-

ful that Confederation would crash unless lines of communication were opened to the Pacific Ocean, passed an act granting a charter which empowered the private syndicate to build the line within ten years. The railway from coast to coast was finished in five years and so in very truth the Canadian Pacific Railway made Confederation possible.

The Canadian Pacific Railway now has 17,169 miles of line, 55 ocean, coastal and lake steamships, a cross-country chain of hotels and summer camps and lodges, 1767 locomotives and 82,714 pieces of rolling stock and stations, a complete communications system, including telegraph, telephone and radio, shops and other properties and equipment.

For sixty years the Dominion government and the Canadian Pacific Railway have aided and shared in each other's development. In this period the population of Canada increased from 4,324,810 to an estimated 11,315,000 while the total of the export and import trade increased from \$174,433,000 to \$2,260,904,000 in 1939, the last year on record.

The need for a transcontinental railway had become obvious at the time of confederation in 1867 and British Columbia entered Confederation in 1872 on the promise that rail connection with the coast would be established. This was easier said than done for in ten years of governmental effort only 713 miles of line had been built or was under construction and this construction was scattered and covered only the easier sections.

## An Unsatisfactory Route

It was laid out, too, with a view to using the United States or a steamship service on the Great Lakes in order to avoid the formidable engineering difficulties along the north shore of Lake Superior. The route through the United States was unsatisfactory because of the importance of the railway from an Empire viewpoint and the lake route was impossible in wintertime. The crossing of the western mountain barriers had hardly even been considered at that time.

From the start the company was faced with financial troubles for even the contract between them and the government provided less favorable subsidies than had been offered



Flight Lieutenant J. P. Desloges of Ottawa, Ont., wounded R.C.A.F. pilot who was given the "Most Courageous Athlete of 1940" award by the Philadelphia Sporting Writers Association at their annual dinner Jan. 30.

## BACKACHE NOT DUE TO AGE

Many people think that backache is a trouble that comes naturally with advancing years, but this woman of 71 proves that it is not. "I suffered for a long time from backache," she writes, "but put it down to my age (71). Reading your announcement, I thought I would try Kruschen Salts. I have been taking it for some time and have found great relief. I thought you would like to know it has done me a world of good." —(Mrs.) E.R.

When pains in the back are caused by inactive kidneys and failure of the digestive system to throw off poisonous impurities, Kruschen Salts will give real help in setting the matter right. Because Kruschen has a diuretic action which helps to flush your kidneys and liver. After that, your blood throws off all impurities; you get happy relief from pain.



## Every man WHO SHAVES

will enjoy the cool, bracing zest of Aqua Velva. Leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother. Try it!

For a generous trial bottle, write to Aqua Velva, The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Limited, Dept. SN-6, LaSalle, Montreal.

## Winter is a DANGEROUS TIME for Youngsters



## Give Them

## VIROL

a food that contains the essentials for building healthy bodies.

40-2



## NEW RUNNERLESS STRAWBERRY

BARON SOLEMACHER This greatly superior strawberry is a true runnerless variety of any variety. Flowers eight weeks from seed. Easily grown. Does not have runners but produces great quantities of finest fruit throughout the season. Has the delicious flavor and aroma of wild strawberries. Ideal for pie, cake and fruit for garden. Plants now. Order direct from this advertisement. (P.L. 25c) (2 pks. 48c) Postpaid

FREE—OUR BIG 1941 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Better Than Ever

**Dominion Seed House**, Georgetown, Ont.

by previous governments and which had found no takers. But the contract was accepted and the management began its task with all possible industry and energy. A brief land boom in the west was succeeded by deep depression and the company had to appeal to the government for loans to guarantee its bonds and allow the work to continue. On occasions the men could not be paid.

The position had never been worse since the signing of the charter and Louis Riel chose that moment to start his second rebellion. Riel was, in fact, to some extent, although very indirectly, the man who saved the railway by giving it a chance to prove its value as a military route. W. C. Van Horne offered to transport troops from Ottawa to the west in eleven days. The first two batteries were delivered at Winnipeg in four days. Four thousand troops followed with equal speed. The journey must have been one of tremendous difficulty because men and supplies travelled on a succession of flat cars, transferring themselves and equipment to sleighs to bridge the gaps in the line.

#### Railway Saves the West

The rebellion focussed the eyes of the world on the Canadian Northwest and illustrated the progress which had been made by the railway which, through its rapid transport of the punitive expedition, was given much of the credit for saving

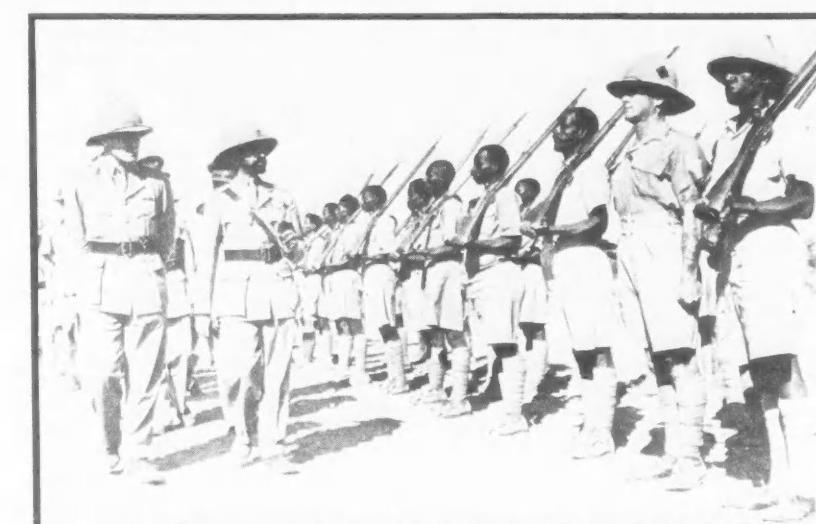
the west from massacre and possibly in ruin.

Powerful opposition almost collapsed at home and the necessary loan was granted by the government. England suddenly realized the growing importance of Canada and the vital necessity of assuring the completion of the railroad as an Empire link. British money for construction came forward much more freely and that, after all, was the thing of prime importance to the company.

The line was completed on November 7, 1885, when the last spike was driven at a simple ceremony at Craigellachie, B.C., by Donald A. Smith, later Lord Strathcona. The completion of the line was, in many ways, the beginning of the company's history for a traveller could now go from coast to coast in a matter of four or five days.

Canada, too, was given an entirely new aspect in the eyes of Europeans when within a year of the completion of the line, the company was able by sound financing to pay every cent of its indebtedness on loans from the government. Its own credit abroad and that of the Dominion also was firmly established on the sound footing it has since enjoyed. In Great Britain particularly there was an entirely new interest in and a complete change of attitude toward Canada.

In 1940, the Canadian Pacific carried in its rail services nearly eight million passengers a total of over 924 million passenger miles, in addition



Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia reviews his troops attached to the British Army of the Nile. Striking with the British, his troops harassed the Italian rear. Said Selassie: "When I enter Addis Ababa, I shall lead my victorious troops . . . on a white horse just as Badoglio did."

to transporting approximately 37 million tons of freight over 16 billion ton miles. The average number of bushels of all grains handled during the years 1930-1939 was 155,000,000 bushels, and during the period 1925-1929 the average was 254,000,000. During last year, the company paid out in taxes over \$9,000,000 and, since incorporation, a total of approximately \$172,000,000.

In addition to its actual transportation services, the company has many departments whose work is to aid in the development of Canada. Its immigration and colonization work has been the greatest single factor in bringing settlers to the west and the more than \$120,000,000 spent on this important service has brought and established many and valuable new citizens in Canada.

An industrial department is at the service of those interested in establishing manufacturing enterprises while a development department investigates the nation's natural resources and encourages new ways of utilizing raw materials. Model farms at Strathmore and Coaldale in Alberta and a great irrigation system have done much to improve farming and stock breeding methods in the west.

#### GENERAL MANAGER'S REPORT

A gain of \$13,908,860 in the total amount of insurance in force, and an increase of \$8,968,829 in the assets of the Company, were reported by W. H. Somerville, General Manager. The Annual Report showed a total of new insurance issued and revived of \$49,188,728, excluding annuities, giving a total protection of \$586,019,392. In addition, annuity contracts in force provided for future annual payments of \$2,811,681. Total assets were reported as \$196,605,418, with the increase mainly in holdings of Government Bonds. Mr. Somerville also reported very satisfactory Surplus Earnings of \$4,603,583, which enabled the General Investment Reserve and Free Surplus for Contingencies to be increased by \$640,961 to \$9,458,460 after returning and allotting to policyholders dividends amounting to \$3,368,281.

Mortality claims arising as a direct result of the war have been comparatively small, amounting to 21 claims totalling \$27,807. Total death claims in 1940 were \$104,187, which was \$276,043 higher than for the previous year.

The rate of interest earned on invested assets in 1940 was 4.61%.

Policy proceeds, dividends and other amounts left on deposit with the company increased by \$2,058,839 to a total of \$23,806,510, indicating confidence in the Company's management, and an increasing appreciation of the value of life insurance measured by the income it will provide.

#### GIVE MAXIMUM AID

"Our main concern," Mr. McCulloch concluded, "is to make our maximum

contribution of aid to Great Britain and the rest of our Empire in the successful prosecution of the war. During this period of strain and stress, when the courage and capacity of individual Canadians are being tested, the stability and inherent strength of this great mutual institution, founded some seventy-one years ago in this country, will lend its services without stint or restraint to the furtherance of this country's cause."

#### THE REAL CONTRIBUTION

Every policyholder of the Company is rest assured that through the payment of premiums he is making a real contribution to the country's war effort, Mr. McCulloch declared.

Mr. McCulloch also referred to the contribution that the General Manager, W. H. Somerville, is making as National Chairman of the War Savings Committee, and to the assistance that is being rendered to the Committee by life underwriters throughout Canada in connection with the Payroll Savings Plan.

#### MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

"Our main concern," Mr. McCulloch concluded, "is to make our maximum

mortality claims arising as a direct result of the war have been comparatively small, amounting to 21 claims totalling \$27,807. Total death claims in 1940 were \$104,187, which was \$276,043 higher than for the previous year.

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#### BURSARIES

Bursaries of \$350.00 a year are offered for boys of eight to twelve. Examination in April.



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#### PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Bursaries of \$350.00 a year are offered for boys of eight to twelve. Examination in April.

For full particulars apply to the Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

#### FURTHERING TOURIST TRADE

The company's offices throughout the world afford complete facilities and information on all phases of Canadian development and it is doubtful if any other single private agency has done so much to further Canada's valuable tourist trade.

The freight and express services provided by the company to all parts of the world are unexcelled and in recent years the company has led in the development in new methods of handling freight. The express company too, has made many advances in its field of handling lighter and more perishable articles. It performs every kind of special forwarding service and by means of its money orders and travellers cheques provides a safe and convenient method of transferring funds and of carrying money in a form easily convertible anywhere in any currency.

The telegraph service is so transformed from the old days that comparison is impossible. Now this branch of the service sends newspaper photos by wire, relays radio programs, dispatches millions of words of newspaper copy and provides messenger boys to deliver flowers, sing birthday greetings, do the family shopping or walk the baby around the block. This in addition to the operation of approximately 370,000 circuit miles of telegraph lines last year.

Its hotel services are unrivalled and the system, headed by the Royal York Hotel, at Toronto, the largest hotel in the British Empire, has a total of 5,294 rooms. The railway in all its services employs over 51,000 individuals compared to the 9,000 in the spring of 1884 and the watchword as then is "Service."

At the moment, with the world at war, Canada has the fullest possible support of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the first world war, from 1914 to 1918, the company played a vital role in the transportation of troops and equipment over

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## TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS

C O R P O R A T I O N

### 59th Annual Report shows gain in assets and profits, Estates business increases

\$3,000,000

THE General Manager Mr. W. G.

Watson reported that net profits for 1940 were slightly better at \$303,047 than those of 1939. The surplus forward was increased by \$88,047 to \$459,659. The Capital account showed an increase of \$98,886. Office premises were written down \$50,000. Savings on deposit and funds held under guaranteed investment certificates were down 7% largely due to withdrawals for investment in the two Dominion war loans and totalled \$18,234,000. Liquidity in relation to savings on deposit stood at 82.4%. Estates, trusts and agencies under administration showed an increase for the year of \$2,022,000 to reach \$18,101,000, a new high record.

Copy of Report gladly sent on request.

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# THE BOOKSHELF

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## Irregular and Wild

OWEN GLENDOWER, by John Cowper Powys. Musson. \$6.00.

THE Welsh, more than other western peoples, unite the past and the present in their everyday thought; there is an Eastern quality about the Welsh which makes them so synthesize their history that events which would appear to be of purely historic interest have for them a topicality as great as that of the latest newscast. This quality accounts in a large measure for the immediacy of John Cowper Powys' latest book. It might have been an historical novel if it had not been written by a Welshman; as it is, the book is as direct in its appeal as any work of pure imagination.

Briefly, the book tells of the last uprising of the Welsh against the English, and its period is 1400-1416. The central figure is Owen Glyn Dwy, great prince and great magician, who led the revolt, established his parliament (which still stands) at Machynlleth, and at last disappeared from among his people; he figures briefly in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* as "the irregular and wild Glendower." Many readers will remember the scene in which Owen conjures music from the air, to astonish the sceptical Harry Hotspur and to comfort his daughter and her hus-

band, Sir Edmund Mortimer. But to the Welsh, Owen is no obscure figure in English history; he is their own great chief, and his *disfancoll*, or disappearance, is as real as the similar removal from mortal knowledge of Merlin, as real as air-raids in Swansea or unemployment in the Rhondda. On this side of the water that may seem a doubtful statement, but it is only two years ago since a Welsh laborer, cleaning a pool, treated me to some speculations about the "little men who lived here in the old, ancient days"; it was some time before I realized that he was talking thus familiarly about the Stone Age! Welsh memory is long.

I think that *Owen Glendower* is a great novel, and in making that unreserved statement I have resolutely excluded (as far as may be) the enthusiasm of my own Welsh blood. The book is printed beautifully printed, by the bye, in two volumes and comprises 938 pages, but it is not inordinately long, for it has a magnificent structure, a noble form. I read it in four days, in time snatched from other work, and grudged the hours that I could not spend with it. It is a book to be read with a rush, for it sweeps the reader on and on at an ever increasing pace until, like a great wave, it

deposits him safely on the strand, bruised, bumped, surprised, and shaken with emotion. More than any recent work of fiction this book provides the Greek *katharsis*, the purgation by passion.

It is not, however, a book for little people. More than any of Powys' books it is crammed with scenes of perverse cruelty and raw emotion. It is not a nasty book, but it is a horrid book, in the true sense of that word—but oh! how stimulating. It is not a book to be read so much as it is an experience to be *lived*, but do not tackle it if you want to be dainty. Only if you want to be wild, poetical, gaudy and free, buy it at once and sit down, snorting, to your repast.

Most readers will find that the book presupposes a knowledge of Welsh history which they lack, and they may find the Welsh names confusing, and, to the unaccustomed eye, unpronounceable. Persist; it is no worse in this respect than a Russian novel.

This book is more than fiction. It is a revelation of a little-known people. Let me conclude, therefore, with a warning written by Sir Alfred Zimmern, an Englishman: "The Welsh rose is apt to prick those who approach her too hastily and with too little respect for her rare fragrance; but the critics who bleed from the thorn and have missed the fragrance had better hold their peace." Once more, let me urge you, if you have a strong stomach and love great fiction, to read this book at once.

## Man and Dilemma

BY JOHN REID

SONG AND IDEA by Richard Eberhart. Macmillan. \$2.00.

RICHARD EBERHART, a Harvard Graduate, "whose work has been grouped with Spender, Day Lewis and Auden", teaches at St. Mark's School, Massachusetts, where recently he was joined by the last mentioned of the above trio. But whereas Auden & Co. are concerned with man's problems as a member of society, Mr. Eberhart's more subjective preoccupation is with man's individual dilemmas. In his "metaphysical" poems he presents with impeccable technique vivid images which follow each other with the logic of sensation to express in concrete symbols the emotions caused by some experience which itself is only implied. While this is to some extent a diagnosis of much modern poetry, one finds little direct influence by contemporaries; rather, William Blake seems his English sire; and even Donne (the man who wrote the epigraph for Mr. Hemingway) had such drastic dreams. The sensuous texture of these bright images they explode like time-bombs, each poem a Molotov breadbasket, batters the reader into black emotions, often; yet Richard Eberhart is not a poet of the Waste Land, there are distinct differences, both of technique and of conception, between him and the Rev. Eliot.

Although no Edgar Guest, Mr. Eberhart's poems are not "obscure" if one reads them carefully and repeatedly. Sometimes such inversions as "tickling gnat my fingers flies from" (cf. Milton: "Him who disobeys me disobeys") make for a spurious obscurity not intrinsic in the subject's profundity. Likewise the repetition of almost similar phrases ("Time telescoped on decay" and "My eyes Telescoped on decay" in two cheek-to-cheek poems weakens the effect of both). But the following etch into the mind: "In prisons of established craze"; "Opposite, tired cup of tin"; "Let the tight lizard on the wall"; all first line examples.

A lyric is "slight," but need not therefore be slighted; and while more than Wordsworthian, the poem beginning "When Doris danced under the oak tree The sun himself might wish to see" delights with its surface simplicity. A sincere and genuine poet, those who read modern verse would do well to include this, Richard Eberhart's third volume, in their list.

At a time when the cost of paper has gone up in England where this volume was printed, the continued

high standard of book production, of which this is an excellent example, is very much to be commended.

## Life in Legit

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

IT'S A GREAT LIFE, by J. C. Nugent. Longmans, \$4.

J. C. NUGENT and his wife were juvenile leads in one of the best of the small-town repertoire companies of the United States in the early 'nineties. In the early years of the present century, however, they left the "legit," in which they were just beginning to make a name for themselves, and went into vaudeville with a dramatic sketch. They remained in that field for about twenty years, Nugent himself latterly writing his own sketches, and they attained very high rank before the astounding success of the full-length play *Kempy*, written and partially produced by Nugent and with himself in the chief elderly role, brought them back to the "legit," and very fortunately so seeing that vaudeville was already showing signs of dissolution. Mrs. Nugent died a few years ago, but Mr. Nugent is still alive and still writing plays, and has had the probably unique experience of being successful in the old repertoire company, the vaudeville field, the modern New York legitimate, the movies and even radio—though his connection with the last two was brief. His brilliant son Elliott Nugent was in Canada a few weeks ago, acting in a play of which he was part author (probably contributing most of its theatrical dexterity) *The Male Animal*. This volume is a most entertaining record of a life during which more changes have taken place in the world of entertainment than in any corresponding period in history. Many old vaudeville lovers in Canada will read it with a keen nostalgia for the good old days.

## The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

RECENTLY having nothing better to do and having struck a bare patch in the matter of new detective stories worth reviewing, we re-read *The Norths Meet Murder* by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Our original opinion that it is one of the most charming stories in this genre we ever read was confirmed. . . . By a coincidence the next detective story we read was the second in which the Norths figure, *Murder out of Turn* (Frederick A. Stokes, \$2.50), so we are able to say with a good deal of assurance that it is an inferior book, but still far and away above the average. The characters do not seem to have been so faithfully studied, and we seem also to be regarding developments through the eyes of the police, rather than through the eyes of the Norths, which we found ourselves doing in the first story. The book follows the general pattern of its predecessor, in which one murder is committed to silence a dangerous witness, and in which the murderer is attempting a third when arrested. We hope the Lockrides will continue in this field for which they have such unusual aptitude. . . . *A Gentleman Hangs* by John Dolland (Longmans Green, \$2.35) just misses being objectionable because of facetiousness. We quarrel, too, with the name of the amateur detective which is Smiling, for when the word appears at the beginning of a sentence, which it does frequently, we think of it at first as a verb and not as a noun. As in the Lockrides' book here too are linked murders, and the question may arise whether the author was perfectly fair with his readers in the device he uses to explain what otherwise would be inexplicable. These criticisms are not meant to turn you away from a real good book which on the whole *A Gentleman Hangs* is. . . . *Arrogant Alibi* by C. Daly King (Collins \$2) is not one of the newest crop but we came across it only the other day. Here again is the device used in the other books noted—one murder to cover another, which is something that hardly ever happens in real life except among gangsters. The characters are well-studied and

the solution neat and reasonable. We recommend the book as far better than average. It belongs to the class that can be re-read after a sufficient interval has elapsed.

## Gallimaufry

WE HAVE received from Longmans, Green and Co. two booklets from their *British Life and Thought* series which attempts to set out in brief and simple form the ideas and ideals which operate in British government and life today. *The British System of Government* and *The Face of Britain*, which we have at hand, are well and clearly written, and if they are representative of the series, it is highly to be recommended. Advanced students of politics and sociology will not find anything new in them, but these booklets would make a valuable addition to any High School Library or similar organization which serves young people who are anxious to learn but who are not sure whom they can find the information they want. The booklets are very reasonably priced at 35 cents each, and you could give the whole ten in the series to a deserving library without ruining yourself.

THE American Library Association of Chicago has published a Reading Guide to books about Canada. History, the character of the country and its people, our relations with the U.S., our art and literature and our work in the present war are some of the subjects which are listed. This should prove useful to librarians; the list may be had from the Association at 25 cents each.

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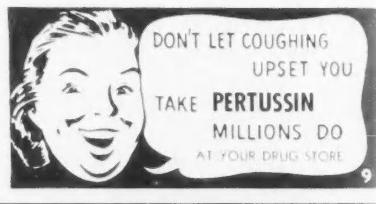
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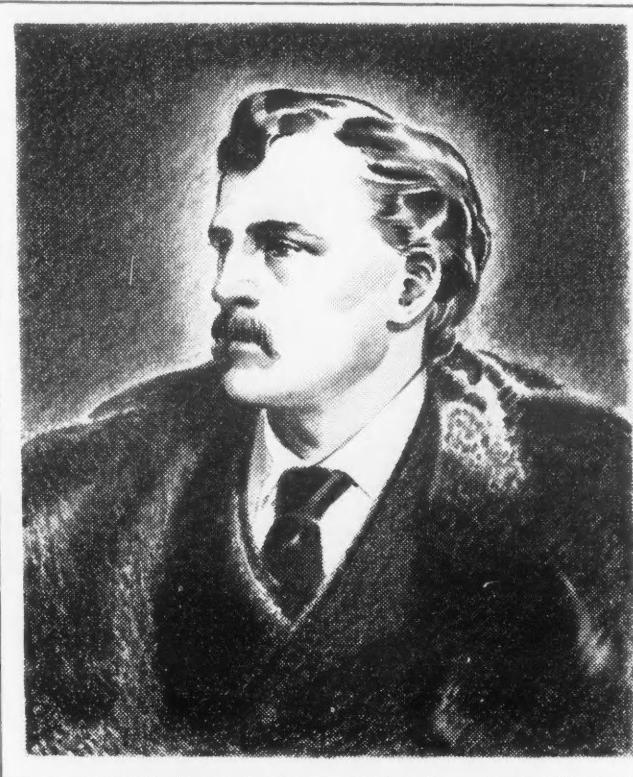


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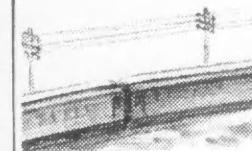
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1881 . . . 1941



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GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, 1878-1883



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On February 15, 1881, the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, signed the charter of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That signature consummated the vision of great Canadian statesmen—Sir John A. Macdonald, D'Arcy McGee, Sir Georges-Étienne Cartier, and Sir Charles Tupper—that the new Dominion of Canada should be linked from Atlantic to Pacific by a trans-continental railway—and implemented the pledge under which British Columbia entered Confederation.

So began a new era in Canadian unity...and Empire solidarity...for the Railway expanded into a system spanning two oceans and linking three continents. Today—as in 1914-18—a proud responsibility rests on our transportation and communication systems—railway, steamships, freight, express, telegraphs and engineering shops. Canadian Pacific officers and employees everywhere are co-operating—each in his own field—towards the common goal...VICTORY. When that goal is reached—and it will be reached—this will be due, in no small measure, to Canada's contribution, and to the vision and foresight of the men who, sixty years ago, planned the construction of the first Canadian trans-continental railway.

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# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Fifty Cents Per Anger

BY BERNICE COFFEY

SOMEONE has remarked that anger is an expensive luxury in which only men of a certain income can indulge. But the luxury of venting ire in forceful, destructive manner without the usual repentant aftermath seems well on the way to becoming as much a perquisite of the masses as the automobile, the telephone or venetian blinds.

A Mr. John Melville of Chicago has put on the market in his own city and New York an extraordinary object that he calls a "Wackaroo"—a bust having slightly negroid features and two hands which extend out at the sides of the head in surrealistic fashion.

It isn't intended to be cherished. Its only purpose is to be close at hand when someone's anger demands expression in physical action. Thrown by an angry arm, it breaks into as many smithereens as one of those vases comedians used to break over one another's heads in the days of the Keystone Kops. The hundreds who bought them when they went on sale seemed to think fifty cents per throw a not exorbitant price for the privilege of venting their feelings in the primitive manner.

### History in Miniatures

We miss our guess if those who have a penchant for miniatures are not completely charmed by a group from England which reproduces the famous and infamous great of British history. The little leaden figures in gorgeous golden armor, brilliant scarlet, blue, silver and glistening black, are detailed with marvelous fidelity to historical accuracy and are the work of an unnamed Englishman who does them in "his spare time." Quite obviously they are a labor of love and not, primarily, of financial gain.

He seems to take frank delight in the most colorful periods of British history. You may have Edward I standing with sword raised aloft in one hand, the other arm holding a red shield which cradles his newborn son—the first Prince of Wales. If you remember the history your teachers took so much trouble to din into your unheeding head you'll recall that Edward pulled a fast one by promising the Welsh a king of their own when they wanted to break away from Britain. Then he appeared at a window of Carnarvon Castle (which still stands in Wales) carrying his new-born son on a shield and said to the gathering of Welsh people, "Here is your Prince." Everyone gave three cheers and a tiger—or what passes for it in Wales—and went home completely satisfied. This bit of re-created history is yours in miniature for \$7.50.

The little figure of Edward III has a visored helmet which comes off to reveal his head. The arm which holds a broadsword aloft is articulated. Both Edward and the companion piece—Phillippa, his queen—are \$3.50 each. The unfortunate Lady Jane Grey who reigned over England for only ten days, is seen blindfolded and kneeling with hands bound awaiting the descent of the headsman's axe. Complete with block upon which she is about to lay the lovely head from which she is soon to be parted, \$3.50. The sinister black-hooded headsman who stands nearby, axe in hand, is to be had for the same amount.

Charles II a handsome dashing figure with long brown curls and wide up-turned cavalier hat, comes at \$1.75. So does Nell Gwynne who, white fan in hand, is caught in a deep roguish courtesy made, it is to be presumed, to Charles.

Of course there is Henry VIII and his wives, all six of them lined up two by two behind him—and serves him right, too. Henry and the six girls are sold as a set (\$12.50). Wolsey, too, is around in his red robes and it probably would wound him to the core if he could know that

the price tag on him is only \$1.75.

Sir Henry Percy wearing a suit of armor with moveable visor in the helmet, is mounted on a brilliantly caparisoned white charger. The arm which holds a lance is articulated. Both he and Sir James Douglas, also mounted, are \$3.00. Sieur de Brosse who was killed at Poitiers in 1356, is seen staggering from the death blow dealt him by the weapon imbedded in his side, while Sir Thomas Holland, K.G., brandishes a broadsword and wears an expression on his face which bodes no good for someone. Both \$2.95.

Somehow or other, we like to dwell on the thought of that unnamed Englishman calmly at work during the blitz on the creation of these small figurines whose prototypes had their being when history was being made in other times no less stirring than our own.

At present this distinguished company is "at home" to its public in a glass cabinet at the Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's, Toronto.)

### Saga of a Sweater

If you ever have wondered why cashmere pull-overs are so much higher in price than those made of ordinary wool, the following ought to clear the matter up for you as it did for us:

Behind the receipts of cashmere and shetland yarns in this country lies a tale stranger than fiction, says an American trade paper. The cashmere yarns actually have to run the blockades of two wars, dangerous mountain passes and guerilla warfare.

Cashmere is grown by goats mostly in the Far East in the remote valleys and steppes of the Himalayas, Indo-China, North China, Tibet and India. Japanese advances in Asia have resulted in a considerable supply having fallen into the hands of the Nipponese. However, the major supply is still controlled by British interests. The main difficulty is in getting the yarn to England and then to America.

The reason for the devious routes and not direct shipments to this country (the United States) is the fact

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Squadron-Leader W. R. Pollock cuts the Spitfire cake at the first of a nation-wide series of "Galloping Teas" at Montreal. Sponsored by the Canadian Dorothy Spitfire Fund, proceeds will provide the Royal Air Force with a Spitfire. Dorothys throughout Canada are co-operating.

that the English have mastered the refining processes to a degree unequalled elsewhere. Japanese attempts to refine the yarns have been unsuccessful, it is declared, while recent American attempts at refining, although showing some progress, are still inferior to the British methods.

With the China-Japanese "incident" the raw material in being transported to coastal cities for export, runs the risk of confiscation by the Japanese. Chinese guerillas are always on the lookout for caravans carrying cashmere and wool yarns, having found lucrative hauls in obtaining these products.

### Britain Delivers

It's no idle boast when the British stencil in big black lettering the phrase "Britain Delivers The Goods" all over the packing cases of the merchandise they ship to the four corners of the earth. For Britain certainly does deliver the goods and such goods! We don't know of any easier way to support a war effort with such pleasant results.

The other day we arrived at Jaeger House as a new shipment was being taken from its wrappings in a welter of the most gorgeous colors that ever pleased an eye . . . none of your foggy, misty colors but fire-engine red, clear singing blues, golden beige, greens like those of the English countryside in spring, and a dark oxblood shade.

If you are one of those who consider a suit the backbone of any spring wardrobe, you'll welcome the news that a large group of suits was included in the latest shipment. These are the type that the English do so imimitably well—magnificently tailored without looking as though they had been cut out of cardboard and with an easy sturdiness of line that cannot be accomplished in any way except by tailors who sit cross-legged and put stitches in by hand instead of by machine.

These suits are in wool boucles, whipscords and nubby basketweave wools in all sorts of lively colors. Jackets are a bit longer and there's a new smooth sleek look to the shoulders which are built out only slightly—like those in men's coats—with concealed padding. You won't find a bumpy exaggerated shoulderline in the whole group. Lapels are stitched by hand and the designers have a new way of outlining panel effects on the front of the jackets.



Among the first hints of spring are the collar and cuffs by Schiaparelli. Rounded revers which trace a deep V-shaped neckline and cuffs are edged with fine Valenciennes lace.



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# THE LONDON LETTER

## The Authentic Voice of London

BY P. O'D.

*Jan. 6, 1941—Delayed in transit*  
of brick and stone, lengths of hose, the aftermath of the great fire. But, having got there, they sang all the old-time songs as perhaps they have never sung them before. It was the authentic voice of London London the unconquerable.

To get there they had to clamber over debris of all sorts, rubble, heaps

End, though in surroundings less poignantly impressive. As Big Ben chimed out the hour of midnight, the crowds in Piccadilly Circus joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" and the other traditional favorites. In some of the bigger shelters people danced the Lambeth Walk and "Booms-a-Daisy". They danced them as these things should be danced, with verve and jollity. But there are times when even the Lambeth Walk can be a very moving spectacle. This was one of them.

And here is a little story they are telling, which reveals another side of London in an emergency—the imperturbably decorous side. In the midst of the attack on the City during Sunday night, a special constable noticed that an incendiary bomb had fallen on the Bank of England. He rushed to the door to give warning. A flunkey in full uniform answered the ring.

"There's an incendiary on the roof," said the special, not unreasonably excited.

The flunkey bowed.

"I thank you, sir." He turned to the A.R.P. workers in the background. "Gentlemen, there is an incendiary on the roof." As he closed the door, he bowed again to the special. "Sir, I thank you."

### The Wren Churches

Already the question arises of what to do about the Wren churches. No less than eight of them, containing some of his finest work, were destroyed or severely damaged in Sunday's raid. Should they be rebuilt, or the sites devoted to commercial purposes? If they are rebuilt, should it be in strict accordance with Wren's designs, or should an entirely fresh start be made?

Perhaps the first impulse is to hope that they will all be rebuilt, and restored as nearly as possible to their former state. In the case of some of them it seems certain that this will be done. But in the case of others, no less beautiful, the probabilities seem all the other way. Their places will be taken by office buildings, and so the City will lose one of its most characteristic features. It is sad but inevitable.

The difficulty is that these lovely old churches served no useful purpose none beyond the great purpose that all lovely things serve, the purpose of suddenly lifting the heart. They had no congregations. And, though well-endowed some of them quite munificently the charge of them was regarded as a sinecure for elderly and distinguished clergymen. The vicar was hardly more than the caretaker of an ecclesiastical memorial. And no amount of eloquence or devotion on his part would have made any difference.

For many years now reformers have been suggesting that the City churches not all, but most of them should be taken down and re-erected elsewhere exactly as they stood. In this way they would have served the need of new communities, and they would still have been Wren's churches, not mere copies. All that is now impossible. The Nazis have solved the problem in the Nazi way, brutally and cynically. But for most of the churches the problem is solved. They will not arise again.

### Incendiaries

Whoever organized Sunday night's attack upon the City must have known London well. He picked the exactly right time and place right, that is, from the point of view of Nazi gangsterdom. On a Sunday night the City is almost completely uninhabited. A few thousand caretakers and their families, and in some of the larger buildings little groups of fire-watchers, but no force to deal with an emergency of that sort.

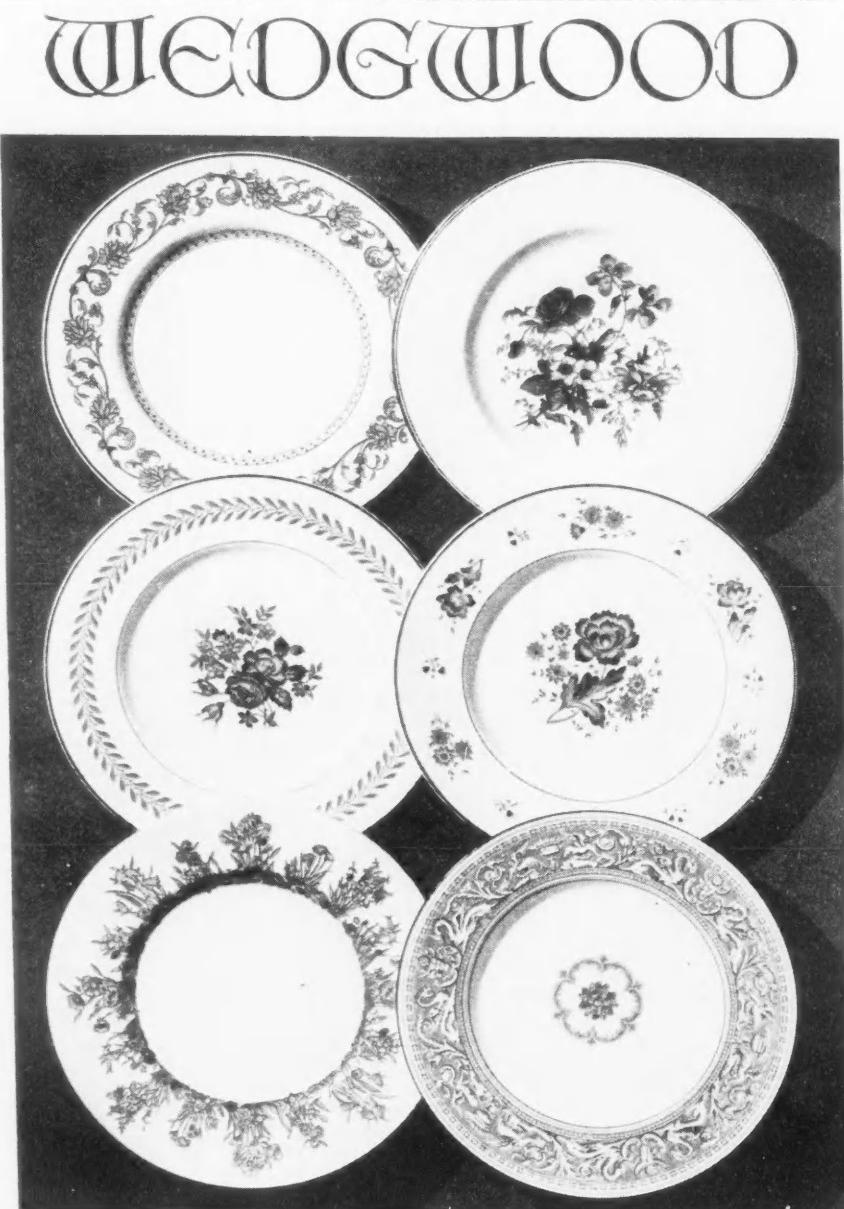
The fire-fighting services were on the spot with amazing speed, and performed marvels of heroism and

endurance. But the time to deal with incendiary bombs is when they first arrive, and not when they have started a conflagration. And the interval is very short.

British imperturbability is an admirable quality, but it has its disadvantages. One of them is an undoubted tendency to wait until the horse is stolen before setting about putting a proper lock on the stable-door—or getting one of the hired men to sleep in the hay-loft. Companies and institutions that took the precaution of having an adequate force of fire-fighters on the premises

came through Sunday night's attack with very little damage in most cases. Now everybody is going to do it—as a matter of legal compulsion.

It is a bit late, perhaps, but not too late. There is most of the City left to protect, and a stern determination that the Nazis will never again be presented with such an opportunity for successful vandalism. But it is none the less bitter to think of the noble old buildings that have gone, and to realize that some at least of them might have been saved if proper precautions had been taken in time.



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Profile view of a hair-do becoming because of its soft simplicity.



A reverse twist is given the pompadour to curl under instead of up.

## THE DRESSING TABLE

### Spring In Latin-American Colors

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT'S ABOUT to be spring, and that urgent matter of the first spring costume is up for consideration and the Color Affiliates have once again allied themselves in behalf of color harmony.

The Color Affiliates is a union of eight New York style creators who for five successive seasons have made their respective trapping in shades decided upon far in advance. The colors are always keenly selected, faultlessly matched . . . and the fashion authority of the famous ladies who do the selecting is unquestioned.

This year the octet of experts combed Latin America for inspiration . . . concocted seven melting fiesta colors for the matching magic. They fall into three distinct sets, planned to complement each other: chic aristocratic neutrals, dynamic sharp tones, and new versions of the ever popular pastels. The names, suggesting the color source, tour the land of the Southern Cross . . . Brazilian Beige, smooth tone coffee frappé (all important feature shade); Trinidad Tan, sultry brown of a cinnamon stick; Argentine Navy, deep "black-haired" blue; Lima Lemon, vibrant yellow; Chile Sauce, spicy golden red; Bogota Blue, "rain-washed" sky tint; and Peruvian Pink, pastel of time-tempered adobe.

The Color Affiliates offer no guide book for matching . . . believing, and rightly so, that individual taste is the essence of fashion. However, the

colors are so painstakingly planned that cordial relations are almost inevitable . . . whether you prefer a tip-toe monotone or a triple alliance! An ensemble of unrelied Brazilian Beige has worlds of chic. And the high style pairing of Brazilian Beige and Trinidad Tan is our choice for an all-round favorite. Highly dramatic is the vibrant Lima Lemon in its various phases. Consider it for an electric accent to an Argentine Navy suit, or even with Brazilian Beige . . . an extravagant, exotic duo. The Chile Sauce is true gourmet spicing . . . surprisingly looks lovely with every one of the seven colors. Combined with Argentine Navy ever so effectively it is in perfect taste. As the handbag accent to an ensemble of Peruvian Pink and Beige it would be wonderful.

This Latin-American invasion into fashions could have far-reaching effect on our North American ideals of facial beauty . . . could prove somewhat devastating. All that has been looked after though, for Elizabeth Arden, in creating her special make-ups for these dashing Affiliated shades, has achieved just the subtle glow, the warm harmony necessary to make pale-faced American women radiant in these colors. Basis of the Color Affiliates make-up is Arden's Liquid Bronze-Glo, which is actually a substitute for sun. It won't rub off, but will wash off readily. With this background, four lipsticks and nail enamels are used to highlight the different colors . . . usually keyed to the brightest and most dominant accessory shade.

The entire colorama made its first bow to the public recently at a fiesta luncheon at New York's swank Hotel Pierre, in a setting reminiscent of those countries below the Rio Grande . . . complete with pseudo-plaza and stand for "cafe espresso" served from the back of petite patient burros.

#### Bang! Bang!

"Let your front hair down, girls!" says Josef, the famous hair designer. Bangs will replace the pompadour, according to this authority, whose opinions are substantiated by the fact that he has dressed such famous heads as Norma Shearer's in "Escape" . . . Danielle Darrieux' in "The Rage of Paris." He has just designed "American Beauty Bangs," a brushed down, curled-under arrangement which looks very new and flattering after that wide expanse of windswept brow that your pompadour has forced you to expose for the last six months.

Fortunately (for timid souls) the new American Beauty Bangs involve no drastic irrevocable cutting. If you've been wearing a pompadour

you'll find that the hair length is just about right. All it will need is some skilled shaping and tapering. The sides will be waved into face framing wings. The back view will have a dual personality. . . In the daytime with casual clothes, it may be combed into a light froth . . . while for late afternoon or evening it will be brushed into a shiny low-on-the-neck chignon (which in itself is high fashion news).

You've been reading about the new little skimmer sailors which are supposed to be worn flat as pancakes on the top of your head . . . zut, alors "American Beauty Bangs" are the perfect headdress for them to sit upon! And look beautiful above!

A CERTAIN NATURAL FRESHNESS, and a particular loveliness of presence, are associated the world over with the English Complexion. And that complexion is a charm inspired by Yardley Beauty Preparations and set against the essentially feminine, delightfully informal delicacy of the Yardley Lavender.



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For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly, but, when massaged into the gums with fingertip or tooth brush, to help stimulate and strengthen weakened gums as well. With gums restored to healthy firmness, teeth regain their sparkle, smiles soon grow lovelier.

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Give Vita-Ray Cream a test. Watch it work! Remember, when you smooth Vita-Ray Cream into your skin, you're smoothing in the two vitamins skin needs to keep it healthy and youthful—beautiful!



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PROGRAMME	
Brandenburg Concerto No. 6	Bach
Evening (Once upon a Time)	Delius
Symphony No. 10, in G minor	Mozart
Two Sketches for Small Orchestra	Eugene Hill
(a) Elegy	
(b) Scherzetto	
Symphony No. 3 in C major	Sibelius
Overture "Linnhauser"	Wagner

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**THE LONDON LETTER**  
What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.  
The Publishers  
SATURDAY NIGHT,  
The Canadian Weekly

BALLET is, within its limits, the most completely satisfying of all entertainments, for in it perfection is possible. The dancing is confined to a system of steps and gestures which have been adjudged 'classic' and these, by dint of application, can be brought to a state of excellence which, when wedded to intelligent understanding, approximates to perfection.

The ballet is also the last stronghold of Romance in the theatre. Romance is the very stuff of ballet, for although it is probably possible to dance a political doctrine or a variety of moral uplift no one has yet succeeded in making the public pay to see this done. Modern drama has become quite intolerably instructive, and even performances of Shakespeare are now apt to be invested with an unwelcome timeliness. Only at the ballet can we be free from that irksome necessity for brooding about the unpleasantness of everyday life which is nowadays regarded as the mark of an intelligent citizen.

But alas! unless ballet has perfection in dancing, mounting and music our adventure into Romance is bound to be a very bumpy one, and the Ballet Russe provided some rude shocks on Monday night. I saw this company perform this identical program eighteen months ago at Covent Garden, and the strain of touring shows badly in their work. A celebrated American critic has called this

## Leaps and Bounds

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

"the No. 1 ballet company of the world." I should be inclined to call it the No. 2 company, first place being vacant at the moment. The Ballet Russe is still magnificent, but it needs to re-rehearse its work.

The program on Monday began with the familiar *Les Sylphides*. This ballet is severely 'classical,' and although Toumanova and Riabouchinska had the necessary perfection of technique for it the *corps de ballet*, which is the backbone of the piece, was, literally, all over the place and did not seem to mind a bit. This is one of the most Romantic of all ballets. The scene is a woodland glade (out of Corot by Prince A. Schervachidze) and the dancers are sylphs. Why then did these sylphs, who must be old hands at dancing by moonlight, make up their faces a bright pink, so that the minute they got into the blue limes they became a healthy but un-sylph-like salmon color? And do sylphs have scarlet nails? In the No. 2 ballet of the world, perhaps; not in the No. 1.

The second ballet was *Paganini*, which contained a remarkably fine performance of the name part by Dimitri Rostoff. This admirable dancer and actor worked under difficulties, for the rest of the company bumped and thumped him unmercifully, though they were not wholly

to blame for this. The ballet is designed for a very large stage, and the stage at the Royal Alexandra, though spacious as stages go, was not large enough for this spectacular work. Presumably this is what led to the abandonment of the rostrum upon which Paganini used to stand in the first act, and which raised him above the other dancers. Surely something of the kind could be contrived? The ballet loses much when Rostoff cannot be seen. Riabouchinska did outstanding work in this ballet, but there was some bad fumbling by the Divine Spirits, who literally got under Paganini's feet.

The program concluded with *Aurora's Wedding* from *The Sleeping Princess*, and this was much the most satisfactory performance of the evening. Again I must complain about the *corps de ballet* which squirmed and fidgeted distractingly during the solo dances. This ballet is full of good things. Bakst's set, though cramped, was as magnificent as ever. Baronova danced charmingly as the Sugar-Plum Fairy, and Riabouchinska and Jasinsky did good work with the Blue Bird variations. The Chinese dance was delightful, particularly distinguished for the mime of Algeranoff, and the Three Ivans stopped the show, as they always do.

The orchestra was by no means good, and particularly in *Sylphides* there was some very messy playing. But ballet orchestras anywhere are apt to be bad. Music is the spoiled child of the arts; if she can't be the whole show she won't try at all.

If this criticism should appear captious, I am sorry. But the Ballet Russe has a great reputation, and anything less than their best, which is perfection in ballet, is not good enough. Ballet is largely a matter of detail, and many technical details of lighting and mounting were scamped on Monday night, and the dancing of the *corps de ballet* showed a lack of concentration which was quite unworthy of them. I think much too highly of the Ballet Russe not to say so. We have had perfection from them before and we want it again.

## ART AND ARTISTS

### Trials of a Portrait Painter

BY GRAHAM McINNES

THE portrait painter is of all artists the most confined. For to his work, the observer always brings a double standard: Is it well done? Is it like the sitter? Even those of highly conservative tastes will permit the landscapist some latitude. He can shift a barn slightly, remove a tree or two and no one will be greatly exercised. But let him shift a nose slightly, or remove a hair or two, and, even if the resulting portrait is a great work of art, anyone who knows the sitter will damn it.

Compromise is thus forced on the portraitist. But the greatest portrait-painters of all time have been those who compromised least. Bronzino, Holbein, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, did not allow their sitters to come between themselves and their art. Perhaps their secret lay in limning the spirit rather than the mere outward seeming of their subjects; for the portraitist can respond to the character of his sitter as well as to his bony structure, and this response may strike fire in the artist.

Grant Macdonald, a young Can-

adian whose portraits are on view at the Roberts Galleries, Grenville Street, Toronto, paints celebrities. Quite frankly, he flatters them, in some cases idealizes them. That is alright; for he has a number of amusing and ingenious devices for giving his flattery a touch of humor and individuality. Further, when he is not painting celebrities, but painting himself and his friends, he turns in some very creditable portraits: suave and subtle in color, pleasantly loose in treatment, boldly felt and dexterously executed.

This is a change from the landscape that predominates in our shows, and everyone will want to see Macdonald's clever studies of the theatrical great and near-great. He has his eye pretty resolutely fixed on striking a new note, but though his work rarely seems to me to get below the surface, it is, within definite limits, as brilliant as a Coward epigram.

George Thomson's annual show is here again, this time at Mellors-Laing Galleries, Toronto. Mr. Thomson roams the countryside near Owen Sound, Ont., and produces his usual pleasant landscapes. This year, there is a new note of boldness in one or two of his winter scenes along the Sound. Also on view at the same gallery are oils by a number of contemporary English painters, notably Dunlop, Sickert (a gem, this) and Adrian Hill.

Freedom from the cares of running a gallery has given Angus Macdonald time to paint, and his work of the past two seasons can now be seen at the galleries of the Robert Simpson Company. This show consists mainly of landscapes, bright and decorative. Unusual is a series of sketches for a projected mural in a newspaper office. In these the artist's flare for decorative design and his "camera angle" eye seem well blended. The two sketches dealing with the delivery of papers and the collecting of news are worth a second look by anyone.



Portrait of Mrs. Robertson Davies by Grant Macdonald, Canadian painter.



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# THE FILM PARADE

## Miss Rogers Marches On

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

**L**OVE may be an inexhaustible theme but it does seem to be threatened by a serious shortage of locales. We've had love in offices, in shops, hospitals, hall bedrooms and speakeasies; love in fact almost everywhere in America where it is practical and permissible to operate a camera. We've also had over and over again the love of a poor independent working girl for a handsome millionaire and the awful stresses this sets up in the breasts of a family that knows its forks.

In "Kitty Foyle" all these familiar elements are present and the surprise is that the studio has been able to reveal so much that is lively and recognizable in material that has been so over-exposed to the camera. The pleasure of old recognitions has something to do with it of course

e.g. Ginger Rogers' lovely Eugenie hat, such fine old expressions as "It's a lead-pipe cinch," and most nostalgically of all, the comfort you can get from standing over an old-fashioned hot-air register. There's an ingenious employment too of the familiar flash-back technique. But I'm inclined to think that "Kitty Foyle" owes most of its liveliness and authority to the lively and authoritative Ginger Rogers.

She is for one thing perfectly cast

for the part, being the kind of girl employment agencies dream of—brisk, sensible, nicely laundered, and obviously capable of dealing unsentimentally with sentimental crises during office hours. Ginger is America's working girl and the hearts of working girls and their male employers should go out to her everywhere.

To be sure it doesn't often happen to working girls to have rich Philadelphia suitors fill their sleeping cubicles with roses and drag exhausted string orchestras all over town till morning just to supply a musical background for a proposal. But though the heroine yields under these special circumstances she does it with a practical eye to the off-chance that the affair will turn out as badly as possible. It is the Rogers shrewdness and sound commonsense that takes up the sentimental slack in the story everywhere and make the heroine's final decision—to settle for long term security rather than back-street romance—seem reasonable as well as un-censorable.

THE Lemp dynasty is now so firmly established on the screen that it will probably go on forever. "Four

Mothers" now follows "Four Wives" which in turn succeeded "Four Daughters," and there is every reason to believe that babies still unborn will some day be upholding on the screen the Lemp tradition of family solidarity.

The Lemps are all back in "Four Mothers" along with the Lemp sons-in-law and four new Lemp babies. And as always there's laughter and chatter and heartbreak and healing. And as always, about two-thirds of the way through I got that sense of gentle stupefaction that you sometimes feel towards the end of a family dinner, when you long to sneak off upstairs for a little nap, leaving the family to work its way through dessert, crackers and reminiscence.

No Lemp, you may be sure, would ever be capable of such a feeling. The Lemps take their family dinners seriously. For instance when a Lemp son-in-law lingers in his laboratory to isolate a germ, and neglects the family dinner, his wife leaves him and rushes off to join another Lemp in Chicago. The Lemps thrive in the warm steamy atmosphere of family affection. If a member of the household is left alone in the Lemp sittingroom for more than thirty seconds, in rushes good Aunt Ett with the vacuum-



Claude Rains and Priscilla Lane who star in "Four Mothers".

cleaner to break up the hideous solitude. The Lemps are all accomplished musicians but they never think of playing anything but quintette arrangements. When a Lemp daughter is going to have a baby all the Lemps know it instantly and sometimes even inform her in advance. In their most recent picture son-in-law Ben (Frank McHugh) invests in Florida real-estate and all the Lemps invest along with him and all are ruined together. Of course they recover their fortunes, for you can't lick a Lemp. And at

the last they are seen happily playing a five-part arrangement of the Schubert Serenade, which is even more happily interrupted by Thea, swaying and faltering and showing the familiar Lemp pre-natal symptoms.

It isn't that I don't admire the Lemps because I do. I could watch them for hours—well, anyway for an hour and a quarter. After that I want to creep off quietly by myself and just lie doggo for a while. So it's no use coming and rattling my door-knob, I just want to be alone.

## EVERYBODY HAS A WAR JOB!

IT REQUIRES a total effort to win a total war...a sustained total effort...that means keeping everlastingly at it. The men of the fighting services train day in and day out to reach perfection in defence and attack. Theirs is an all-out effort. The same may be said for the men and women in war industries.

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# BUY War Savings CERTIFICATES

THERE is a story of a Scotsman who after downing neat a dram of "the best," smacked his lips and said: "Mon, that's grand whisky. It gaes doon like carpet tacks." I thought of this tale last week in listening to Kathleen Parlow play the only violin Concerto of Jean Sibelius with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, because it has a direct analogy to certain prickly and jagged passages. Though the work in its final form is 35 years old it has been much neglected by violinists, who perhaps felt that its popular appeal does not justify the immense physical exertions involved. It was first played in Germany in 1906, with Richard Strauss conducting, by a

renowned Bohemian virtuoso Karl Halir (dead these many years), at that time second violin of the Joachim Quartet. It was introduced to America by the great violinist, Maud Powell, and long lay quiescent until revived by Jascha Heifetz.

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## MUSICAL EVENTS

### Miss Parlow Plays Sibelius

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

It is vigorous and at times turgid, and in most of it Sibelius seems to be sounding a note of defiance against classical conventions. Often he is asking the violin to soar beyond its limitations, but it conveys a suggestion of immense power, and the vigor of its rhythms is fascinating. The phrase "dynamics" is usually employed in connection with the piano-forte; but the high voltage of this Concerto makes it applicable to both its solo and orchestral phases. The dynamic factor was magnificently present in the playing of Kathleen Parlow and the conducting of Sir Ernest MacMillan.

She last played in Massey Hall as a girl and left an impression of exquisite femininity. There is nothing masculine in her personality now; but she becomes masculine as soon as she draws her bow across the strings. By birth she is a Canadian, born in Calgary, but her musical education began in San Francisco. London became her headquarters at the age of 15, when she won recognition as a prodigy. Her command of her instrument, and her musical initiative, are demonstrated in the fact that she elects to play a Concerto most virtuosi prefer to avoid.

The other notable event of the concert was Sir Ernest MacMillan's interpretation of Vaughan-Williams' "London Symphony." Its series of tone pictures, depicting with intimate, imaginative beauty the life of London at various hours of the day, grows on one with each fresh hearing. Sir Ernest has a special flair for this symphony.

#### Return of Huberman

Toronto has heard several fine violinists of late, but none who gives such an impression of supreme authority as the Polish genius Bronislaw Huberman, who came to Massey Hall last week to play for the benefit of Polish victims of the present war. Huberman is now in his 59th year and his career is a link with the past in the fullest sense. He was a pupil of the mighty Joachim, a protégé of Mendelssohn, who made his first public appearance in 1843 as a boy prodigy with the great pianist at the pianoforte. In 1894 when Huberman himself was a lad of 12, Patti insisted that he should play at her farewell concert in Vienna. He gave the superb Brahms Concerto and won the enthusiastic commendation of its composer. In 1908 a singular honor was conferred on him. The city fathers of Genoa invited him to play on Pag-

anini's Guarnerius violin, enshrined in the Museum there, at a concert for the benefit of the Messina earthquake victims.

Huberman is the foremost living exponent of the "grand style" established by Joachim; a style in which every conceivable technical resource of the violin was exemplified in a manner free from ostentation. His tone is still as beautiful and poetic as it was in youth, and more subtle in appeal. Technical problems mean nothing to him. The most brilliant and intimate forms of violin expression became second nature to him decades ago.

The Mendelssohn Concerto is known, in every phrase, to habitual concertgoers; yet I confess I never got such a thrill from it as last week. His rendering was in the direct tradition, Mendelssohn-ap-Joachim-ap-Huberman. The grandeur of the violinist's attack, the indescribable ease and beauty of his execution, revealed all the essentials of greatness.

Huberman does not hesitate to follow his own intuitions in respect of tempo. The finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto was played more rapidly and yet with more clarity and purity than is possible to the average violinist. On the other hand the Sarasate "Spanish Dance" was played more slowly than by most virtuosi, and the effect was the more enthralling. His own transcriptions of Chopin dances have more tang and vivacity than the originals, and he naturally gave an exquisite rendering of "The Fountain of Arethus" by the contemporary Polish composer Szymanowski. A word should be said of the admirable co-operation of Boris Roubakine, the young pianist he brought with him from Europe.

rare distinction.

Why then did Mr. Arrau not give us some South American music? Of late one has been hearing frequently rumors of composers of real originality and distinction in Rio, Buenos Aires and other great centres. Admirable as were Arrau's performances of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin, music lovers get so much of these composers that it would have been a joy to hear him in music he is better qualified to play than European or North American pianists.

South American governments have a commendable practice of financing the musical education of any child who reveals rare talent. Arrau was sent thirty years ago by Chile to Leipzig to study under Martin Krause, for several decades a famous exponent of the traditional German school of pianism. Krause died in 1918 when the Chilean lad was but 15; and left him, so far as the classics are concerned, a typical German pianist of the old school, with a decisive bell-like stroke and a wide command of finger technique. But Arrau's real individuality lies in his remarkable capacity for light, rapid, scintillant passage work, and instinct for rich tonal coloring.



Arthur LeBlanc, violinist, was heard by the Women's Musical Club of Toronto on Monday, February 10.

# CONCERNING FOOD

## Eve Was a Saleswoman

BY JANET MARCH

DO you remember a song called "Eve Was a Saleswoman"? It's all right, ladies and gentlemen, this isn't a quiz problem even if you say "Yes," it late you because there has been a revival of old songs and you could be a 1939 débutante and do it. If you do, either in 1921, which is about the first appeared, you'll remember "I left my love in Avalon and sailed away." What I bet you don't know is that Avalon means Isle of Apples and your love probably sat right down and had a large juicy one to comfort her, unless they were all golden which would be decorative but hard on the denture.

The thing that has sailed away from this Avalon which is Canada is not "my love" but a large part of Canada's market for her magnificent apple crop. As a result very few apples this year seem to be made of the desirable gold which fruit farmers like to see. The apple problem is not as acute as the wheat one, for one thing you can't go on collecting this year's crop and sticking them in with last year's lot, but it has endangered the livelihood of a lot of fruit farmers and we should do all we can about it. Everyone knows about the apple a day and the doctor, and right up from Adam and Eve through mythical times the apple tree has been a pretty important thing. We have so many of them in Canada perhaps we don't appreciate them enough. Up to the end of the last century men and boys in Devonshire went around the orchards singing to the apple trees "ring off guns in their honor."

Just cuss it if happens to rain the day after we've sprayed, but even without ceremonies Canadian apples are the finest in the world.

To get the best out of them you should always be stocked up with both cooking and eating varieties. In case you don't know your apples here are some varieties which the Dominion Department of Agriculture says are good all February.

Island Cooking.  
Saskatchewan Cooking.  
Langley Cooking.  
Duchess of York Cooking.  
Winnipeg Cooking.  
Trenton Cooking.  
Northern Spy Cooking and Eating.  
Elmira Beauty Cooking.  
Russet Cooking and Eating.

Davis and Winesap, both bettered than raw, will take you right through March as well.

Martin a family German described as the best as the real German, with a wide range. But

it's in his rapid, instinctive

and the cabbage finely and peel the apples, add the seasonings and the butter in daubs and a little water. Let this simmer in the oven for one and a half hours and more water to it as it cooks if it shows signs of burning. This dish is good with ham or with roast

### Oven Apples

1 good sized cooking apples  
1 banana  
1 cup of grated cheese  
1 cup of stewed apricots  
Mustard, salt

Take a buttered oven dish and put in a layer of sliced apples, then add a little mustard and salt and grated cheese. Put in a few pieces of banana and some of the apricots and daub with butter, and continue until the dish is full. Bake slowly in the oven for an hour. This with its

cheese is a cross between a sweet dessert and a savory so you might put it in that place on your dinner menu and see which the family thinks it is.

If you have never tried apple stru-

del you should, for it's a classic Viennese dish, but it's not easy to make. To get results, you must manage to spread the dough out tissue paper thin before filling it and rolling it up, and that takes time and patience and a light hand.

### Apple Strudel

2 cups of flour  
4 tablespoonfuls of butter  
1 tablespoonful of vinegar  
6 tablespoonfuls of water  
Yolk of one egg  
Salt

#### The Filling

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter

2/3 cup of toasted bread crumbs  
6 tablespoonfuls of sugar  
2 tablespoonfuls of raisins  
3 pounds of apples

Make a dough with the first list of ingredients and knead well till it does not stick to your hands, then let it stand for half an hour. Cover your table with a well floured cloth and pull out the dough as thin as possible until it covers all the cloth. Sprinkle with melted butter and then the breadcrumbs, the apples very finely cut up, and the raisins and sugar. Then roll the whole thing up, paint with egg yolk and a little melted butter and bake for half an

hour. Add a little more melted butter while it is cooking. Sprinkle with powdered sugar while it is hot.

### Apples and Potatoes

4 large Greenings  
4 sweet potatoes  
Butter  
Salt, nutmeg.

Parboil the sweet potatoes and peel and slice both them and the apples. Lay in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish with daubs of butter and sprinkle very lightly with salt and nutmeg.



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# Experiences of a Canadian Woman ARP Warden

FOR a week I went each day to our shattered home. I had to try to save what I could from the ruin. The problem of it was a difficult one. A high wind was blowing, the remaining bits of roof were flying about dangerously. The Demolition men were putting in windows, or mostly blocking up spaces for the protection of things inside. A temporary tin roof was being put on our house, so that the remains in Mr. and Mrs. O's room could be gone over. It was

decided that my room was unsafe, for slate and roofing was still piling up outside the window. I begged the men to leave the window free for a day or two, pointing out that it was my only means of exit. The confusion in the hall and outside in the street made that retreat impossible. "I'll leave it as long as I can," said a worker, "but you see it's unsafe outside, one could be killed by that falling slate."

"We'll be as careful as we can,"

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

*In our issues of December 7, 14 and 21 we published a very vivid account by Miss Boulbee (who is a member of an old Toronto family) of the psychological effects of bombing upon a household of elderly English people in a south-east coast town. This is a continuation which takes the narrative up to her return to duty as a deputy warden in an air defence post.*

came from the men on the roof; "we want to get this job up here finished, while we can still hold on."

The worker came out of my room; his face was pale, his expression worried. He was covered with fallen debris. "The ceiling has fallen over the bed and caught me," he told me. "I don't like working in that room."

I had begun to collect things from inside bureaus and cupboards and had to put them on the divan. They were completely buried again under ceiling fragments. I spoke to the worker, saying, "I shall leave you for about a couple of hours, do what you have to do, but I beg of you not to close the window." "But it's for your security it's done," he replied. "I know," I said, "but if you close that window I could find nothing in all that mess, and a completely black room." He seemed a bit dazed, and I thought, I have a helmet, he hasn't. "Here, put this on while I'm out, it will probably save you from being killed," I ordered. He smiled gratefully. "It's not that I don't feel sorry for you," he told me, "but this work is pretty terrifying."

Terrifying! I think V.C.'s should be given to demolition workers. Their lives will often be sacrificed in this war to save something for those who will live—even life itself.

"Sorry for me?" I exclaimed. "You needn't be, aren't you doing all I ask of you? I hope the helmet will make you feel safer."

FOR three days I worked, wearing my helmet, dragging things out of the window, down to the end of the garden. I made several piles of dreadfully dirty and damaged things, went out and got a policeman to come and see them—showed him my identity card with the address on it, to prove I was not looting. He helped me cover the things over until they could be taken away.

The third day, I thought, "I'll clear all I can out this afternoon. No! I'll do it now." For nearly an hour I emulated a Canadian beaver. I pulled the writing table, I was so determined to save, over the pile of slate and stone. I carried the wireless and its little table out too. I removed everything I could, whether worth saving or not, outside to be looked over. Two drawers were left with the only untouched-by-the-havoc clothes in them.

When I returned later by the back way I felt gratified even with the sight of those dreadful piles of tired looking torn objects. I went into my room. It was the blackest place I have ever seen, except for about two inches of lighted candle the worker had left in a saucer for me. I emptied the two drawers, and left my darkened barricaded room. My torch revealed an appalling desolation. My heart was heavy with pain, even though I knew I had had everything to be thankful for. Yet was I not saying farewell to the most fruitful experience of my life? Had I not gained a knowledge of eternal benevolence? Of the mercy of God's justice.

BUT the inhabitants left in the South East Coast Town were very restless. Siren warnings had been very frequent, everyone had learnt how to behave, what to do. No one seemed to feel even alarm. We expected it. But those hit and run raiders—one at a time, out of nowhere. Over us, blasting us, blowing out whole streets. No we did not like it. For a week I seemed to arrive just in time for them, I learnt where every shelter was, I spent my time bobbing in and out.

Above Head Wardens and Senior Wardens, is the Divisional Warden, also a Sub-Divisional Warden controlling our ward of several Posts.

One of them is a Brigadier, the other a Major. Pukka soldiers. I had told the Brigadier, one day as I met him with the Major—two wonderfully soldierly figures—making for the scene of desolation made by a raider—that in about a week's time, I would be able to resume my duties at the Post. He told me to take my time, that he knew I had a great deal to do. I felt glad I had done as I had. For I am sure had I tried to avoid my share of the Post's work I would have had disciplinary methods put to me. Before the week was out both the Brigadier and Major were bombed out of their homes too. Very few have escaped.

It only took two days after the first of these raids to have some alteration in warnings. As I was walking to my bus station on the Sunday, I saw everyone rushing to shelters. A plane had been heard, and I saw the Major blowing his whistle vigorously. No siren had sounded. Wardens had been given permission to whistle when danger is evident. This was succeeded by "spotters" which have proved both efficacious and time saving. These spotters watch on the

all. She answered my reproach, that her husband's work allowed him more petrol, and she managed to fit in some of her shopping sometimes while he was on his official work.

I went to my dentist's. He is a Senior Warden. He had only completed his work, when the siren announced another raid. He hurried to his post. His wife and I watched from the window for a while a relentless, vicious looking thing came roaring down, as if on us alone. We rushed under the staircase only in time. All the windows in the back of the house were blown out and the house rendered temporarily uninhabitable. During a lull we hurried across to a little grocer's shop over the way. There, were seven people I had never seen in my life before. We sheltered our lives in complete friendliness, sitting on the cellar stairs. Such is the comradeship of aerial war.

WITH a friend I spent the next day in the town hoping to complete my quest among shattered things. The day had been calm, we felt hopeful of getting back to the country without incident, when the now usual sight became obvious, people were hurrying in every direction. A plane was swooping down on us. We hurried into the bus depot, two very open and glass roofed arcades. Many lay down, I bent over, we were in the centre, a safer spot. Busses were all about us. The crash came, the glass in the roof cracked and splintered. Some thought the bomb had fallen there, the noise was terrific. But I had begun to realize the habits of those screeching evil weapons which sweep down upon us; I knew this one was some distance off.

We went to a nearby hitherto unknown shelter to us. Two of the people there had just arrived from London; they hadn't yet found their daughter, whom they had come to be with for safety. Her home was in a street destroyed that day. We went up again to calm, we thought, but returned quickly as we heard machine gunning. We hoped it was from our own two Spitfires which had appeared in the sky. But it was the same *Luftwaffe* returning, trying to machine-gun shoppers like ourselves.

STREETS had been horribly mangled by that explosion. In one little corner shop several people were imprisoned in a cellar. A girl's legs had to be amputated to get her out. She died two days later. Yes, there are many, many such disasters. Yet we are facing it with faith in the justice of our defence.

Little things serve so much too, in these days. Nothing seems to be having a greater mission than the broom. In hundreds of cases people seem to think of that useful old fashioned article first. The sweeping up of splintered glass and debris has a most soothing effect. The broom has achieved a quality that the carpet sweeper or vacuum cleaner can not hope to compete with. Of what use a vacuum on the tortured earth of one's garden? Yet the broom does brush the pile aside to help us in our seeking for lost treasures. Of what use the carpet sweeper on the pavement? A broom can sweep aside destruction anywhere. The broom has come into its own again.

EVEN in these few weeks the whole atmosphere of the Town has changed. From its over sixty thousand inhabitants well over forty thousand have gone away. Those remaining never hesitate to speak to each other. No one asks, "Have you been bombed?" "When were you bombed?" is almost sure to be the question.

Winter is now upon us. Can we have the hope that spring is not far behind? The anticipation of increasingly longer days, of less black nights, makes the present darkness more endurable. We are advised to go to theatres, pictures, listen in to the wireless. But this winter is so different to the last. The drone of planes is over us, our hearts though pained are full of fixed purpose, of a future dawning which even now is arising on the beckoning horizon.



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Rosamond Boulbee

February 15, 1941

SATURDAY NIGHT

29



"This is the Clarendon suite, where the barbers held their convention."

—McCracken.

## "THE BACK PAGE"

### The Valentine

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

BEFORE she was dressed on St. Valentine's morning, Jane looked out of the window and saw Dick coming up the front walk. There was a twirl of the doorbell and she saw Dick walk away, rather slowly. Once he looked back and she ducked behind the curtain so that he should not see her in her nightgown. When she came down to breakfast her father was smiling. On her plate was a very large flat box some what broken at the corners. Jane

approached it cautiously. When she took off the cover, there lay a valentine a foot high. No one was as much surprised as Jane.

"Where did it come from?" she asked. "I didn't know there were any so big."

"Neither did I," her mother said. "Maybe there's a name on it."

But while she looked for a name, Jane remembered Dick and her face grew red. Why should he have been so silly? She was nearly nine and

she had never had a valentine from a boy before. She put the box on top of the bookcase and would not look at the valentine again, though in her mind there was a perfect picture of it—the huge lace-paper doily on a red background with a lady on it, three doves, a basket of forget-me-nots and two urns full of pink roses. When she was ready for school, her mother said.

"You must thank Dick for your valentine, Jane."

"Oh but Mother, I'm not supposed to know who sent it."

"His name is on the back. See?"

There was "Dick" written very small with such a hard pencil that on the other side she could see the raised letters across the lady's skirt. Jane's mouth set stubbornly.

"I don't care. He shouldn't have put his name on it."

"But he did, so you must thank him."

"Oh I can't. I don't know what to say."

"Just say 'thank you, Dick'. There isn't anything hard about that."

JANE'S seat in school was across the room from Dick's. But every time she passed him in the hall and on the play ground, the words "thank you, Dick" formed on her lips. She could not utter them. She meant to speak, she tried to, but the words would not come out. Mother asked every day whether they had been spoken. The question, the admission, the reproach became a daily ritual.

"It's so easy," Mother would say patiently. "You must get over this stubbornness, Jane."

When she came home from school one day in March, Mother called her into the living room. There sat two ladies whom she knew to be Dick's much older sisters. One of them said, "Dear little thing. Lovely eyes."

The other said, "Beautiful hair. No wonder Dickie has a crush on her." They were both plain but this one showed her gums when she smiled.

"You know that valentine Dickie sent Jane," she went on.

"It was a lovely one," mother said, looking reproachfully at Jane.

"Well, you know he ran errands a whole month to earn the quarter to buy it. Then he picked it out himself a week beforehand and slept with it under his pillow every night. Isn't that killing?" They both laughed.

"Do you like Dickie, Jane dear?" asked the other sister archly. "He's

crazy about you. Come over here and see me."

She sat in front of the door but Jane determined not to go down without a struggle. She slipped behind her mother's chair, slowly, as though she were going to comply, and then darted past the enemy and out of the house.

Until she thought the sisters were gone, she hid under the snowball bush in the far corner of the garden.

Her thoughts unwillingly flowed toward her admirer. She began to feel a little sorry for Dick. It was bad enough to live with two such sisters, but for him to have worked a whole month to earn the valentine

there was something touching in that. And his having slept with it under his pillow. That explained why the box had been crushed at the corners. Jane sighed. She would have to thank him after all.

ONE day in arithmetic period when the class was sent to the blackboard, Dick happened to stand next to Jane. She squared her shoulders, writing down figures as the teacher

dictated. Now she would thank him and get it over. Now. Now. But the first time she looked at him he was adding laboriously with his tongue out and the next time he was looking at her with an anxious smile. Then, on the third attempt, she saw that he had got his addition into an appalling mess. Helping was allowed. Surely helping him was as good as thanks. She leaned over and whispered brusquely.

"You can't add up a column when it's crooked. See, you've got the lines mixed up. Copy it over here nice and straight then you can add it."

Dick gaped, then he understood and gave her a look of such abject worship than Jane felt slightly sick. But even though he added the column right, she knew that she had not thanked him properly.

Mother never mentioned the "thank you" now. Perhaps she had forgotten. It was June and school would soon be over. On Saturday afternoon Jane went over to play on May's lawn. There were half a dozen children there, they played "farmer in the dell," "bird," "redlight" and then someone suggested "crack the whip." It was a game Jane detested, but the sunshine, the warm wind and the spreading green lawn under spreading oak branches were too exhilarating to allow her to drop out. Twice they played and the third time Jane found herself on the end of the whip holding Dick's hand. Always Dick. She wouldn't play any more after this.

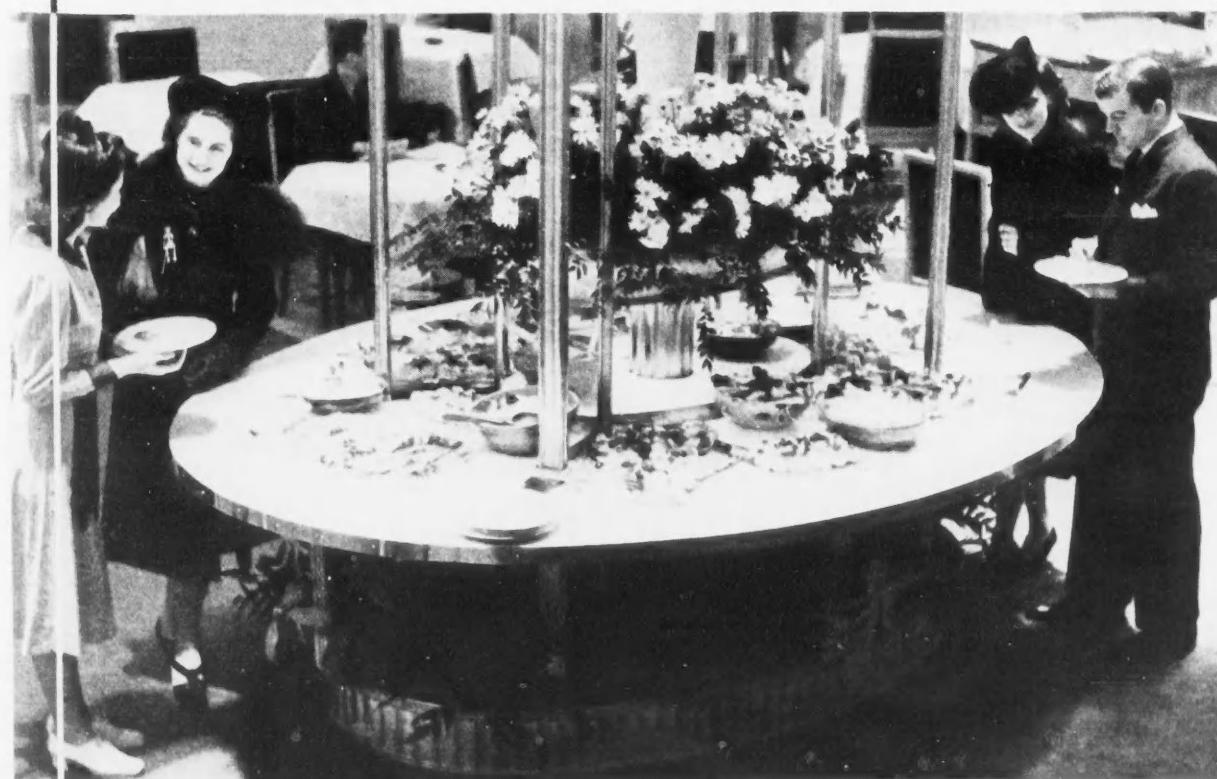
The whip curled and flung itself back and forward, faster and faster. Jane clutched Dick's hand and ran her hardest, her head flung down and then back, her feet making huge, leaping strides. She could not breathe fast enough; her chest ached, her ears thundered. Then suddenly the whip cracked violently and she was flying like Alice after the Red Queen, with her feet not quite touching the ground. Dick was gone, her fingers grasped emptiness. She shot through the air like a stone, feeling the wind whistle in her ears, seeing the oak tree rushing closer like a trampling horse. Its darkness covered her as a terrible crash blackened everything.

SHE opened her eyes slowly and was surprised to find that she was lying on the ground against the oak trunk. There was no breath in her but she could see Dick running up and suddenly she remembered. She was dying and she had not thanked him. Probably she was killed as a punishment for not thanking him. She shut her eyes and tried to speak but no words came. When she looked up Dick was staring down at her with his mouth open. The others were calling and running, there was no time to lose.

"Thank you," Jane whispered with her first gasp of breath. "Thank you for the valentine." She shut her eyes and her mouth widened in a smile.

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P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

## Muddling Through In Our New Tax Structure



Last week General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell's Army of the Nile so outmanoeuvred Marshal Graziani's force based at Benghazi that the demoralized Italians surrendered the vital port between eastern and central Libya after an effortless struggle. To take the city, the British executed a pincer movement, one column advancing directly on Benghazi, while the other made a forced march of 150 miles in 30 hours to cut off the road to Tripoli. Mopping up operations such as shown here . . . .



. . . resulted in scenes like this. So many prisoners have the British taken in the fighting in Libya that their disposal is becoming a problem. Latest reports are that, out of Graziani's original army of over 250,000 men, some 120,000 have been taken prisoner; from 30,000 to 50,000 more are reported to be in full flight toward Tripoli. Within 8 weeks the British have fought their way across 500 miles and captured an area as large as France. Booty includes thousands of guns and . . . .



. . . machine guns, small arms, hundreds of trucks and 300 tanks such as these being examined by Australians. Early this week the British pushed on past Benghazi to capture El Agheila, 180 miles south of Benghazi and the last place of importance before the expanse of the Sirteca Desert which stretches for over 400 miles between General Wavell's forces and Tripoli, Libya's capital and the last major Italian stronghold. Occupation of Tripoli would end any Italian threat to the Suez Canal.

TO POPULARIZE direct taxation with one million people who have never before consciously paid a direct tax to the government, is the stupendous task before the Dominion Department of National Revenue.

What the Department is trying to do, through advertisements, addresses and other channels of publicity, is accustom people to the idea of making such payments, so that eventually it will become a habit, just as is the purchase of street car tickets, going to the movies, or paying instalments. There is even an instalment plan for the taxes themselves. This task is not of the Department's own choosing. The government determines how much money should come from taxation, and to a large extent from what kind of taxation. It is then the Department's job to collect it.

264,804 people paid taxes on their 1939 incomes. It may surprise many to learn that this number was slightly exceeded in both 1922 and 1923. But it is only a fraction of the number that will pay on 1940 incomes, by reason of the territory opened up through the lowering in the ordinary income tax exemption from \$1,000 to \$750, and further through the National Defence tax applying to those with \$600 a year and over. Nor is the individual alone in his glory. Corporations will also pay much more, through revision of the ordi-

**The National Defence tax promises confusion with personal income tax, and admits of unwarranted collections from hundreds of thousands of people who can recover only by elaborate process of entering claims.**

**Making the public tax conscious is admittedly a heavy and necessary job, but it should not require the duplications and injustices that arise from some phases of our new tax laws.**

dinary rates and through the excess profits tax. The net result, according to official estimates, will be to treble income tax collections, the following being a rough comparison:

	On 1939	On 1940
	Incomes	Incomes
National Defence Tax	\$ 35,000,000	
Personal income tax	45,000,000	110,000,000
Corp. income tax	77,000,000	130,000,000
Excise profits tax	.....	100,000,000
Totals	122,000,000	375,000,000

**Obvious Injustices**

Such a stride cannot be taken in any phase of public or private business without some errors and subsequent retractions. It is regrettable that some phases of the new taxes stand out as obvious injustices, even before the levies are actually made. If they are deliberate, or even tolerated as unavoidable accidents, which we fear is the case, then they

may not even be retracted.

The criticisms in this article are submitted not as an argument against high taxation, but rather against these particular phases. Indeed, it looks as if the government, in an undue effort to idolize the principle of ability to pay, is building up a costly machine to first ascertain the total circumstances of the individual, in order that it may then determine his ability. But in so doing it is deliberately winking its eye at certain inequities which are worse than those which would result from a simpler plan.

When the monarchs in days of old wanted a lot of money, they created monopolies of salt and other necessities. Those were crude devices. But there was a lot to be said for their simplicity, compared with a plan which seeks to reveal every jot and tittle of income, and ends up by collecting a few dollars, or else

**THE BUSINESS ANGLE****Simple Facts About Inflation**

BY P. M. RICHARDS

SHOULD we or should we not inflate by having the Bank of Canada issue \$480,000,000 of new money? That is the question exercising many tongues and pens today. Currency inflation is being warmly advocated as a means to an increased war effort and, after the war, to a more abundant life for all, and as warmly decried as a sure destroyer of the economy and bringer of national bankruptcy. Since we are almost certainly going to hear much more about inflation over the next year or two, if not indeed to feel the effects of it in some marked degree, it would seem to be desirable that we should get some simple facts about it clear in our minds.

In the effort to maintain that inflation is not harmful, the word is sometimes used to describe a period of normal business expansion, the argument being that if a period of business depression, when business activity and the volume of credit and currency are declining, is one of deflation, the contrary situation — a period of increasing business and credit and currency expansion must necessarily be one of inflation. Thus we arrive at the claim that business expansion and inflation are one and the same thing.

The fact is that the process of business expansion is not *in itself* inflationary, though inflation may accompany it if the currency is expanded, or other new means of payment created, to a greater extent than is warranted by the increase in business. In that case, of course, it is the excess creation of means of payment that makes for inflation, not the expansion of business.

**Deflation During Expansion!**

Evidence that these things are not one and the same lies in the fact that if the currency or other means of payment were not increased as much as the expansion of business demanded, a deflationary influence would thereby be created, offsetting to some degree and tending to check the forces of expansion. Instead of inflation, we would then have deflation, or at least a deflationary influence, despite the continuation of business expansion.

The point is that, properly, the supply of currency in circulation *must* rise and fall with the fluctuating flow of business activity; in other words, the supply of currency must be the right amount to take care of the flow of business, whatever it may be. It is

is greater, there is inflation; if it is not great enough, there is deflation.

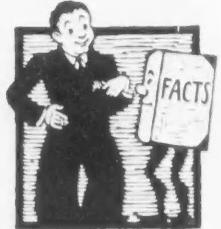
Thus, when the Bank of Canada provides additional money to balance the increased volume of production and trade, to a large degree it is merely activating credit which already existed but which until that time had lain dormant in the shape of bank deposits. The bulk of the "cash" possessed by the average individual or business corporation exists in the form of a credit in the books of a bank. Only "small change" is carried in the individual's pocket or the corporation's till. When business becomes more active there is a greater need for "change," since the number of transactions involving small money payments naturally increases. To meet this need the Bank of Canada issues more currency, the amount of the issue being, normally, in strict relation to the extent of the need for it as reported by the chartered banks.

**Need for Bills and Coin**

Though, of course, an increase in general business activity will naturally result in increasing the volume of bank deposits as well as the volume of currency, the fact remains that the increase in the currency itself has taken place because money which had existed only in the form of an entry in a bank's books is now physically changing hands. Although most of the transferring is done by means of cheques and other instruments, some of it necessarily calls for dollar bills and coins.

It is said that we already have inflation because the amount of currency in circulation is now much greater than it was before the war began. But, as indicated above, the currency supply had to be increased to accommodate the much greater business activity, and there is inflation only if and to the extent that the increase in currency exceeds the business need for it.

An inflationary rise in prices can, of course, result from causes other than the issuance of excess currency by a central bank; it may, for instance, result from a deficiency in the supply of goods and services in relation to the demands and purchasing-power of would-be consumers. And, because of the national war effort, this is precisely the direction from which we already have a threat of inflation, quite apart from the proposals for expansion of the currency.



by acknowledging that the few dollars which it has already withheld from the man's or woman's wages should never have been collected at all!

To show how deeply we have become involved, through super-elaboration of financial machinery, only one illustration is necessary. Take the case of a man's wages, on the books of the concern for which he works. He is first credited with the week's wages. Then come two or more of the following deductions: National Defence tax (already in force); unemployment insurance (now going into force); subscription to war savings certificates (voluntary, but under pressure at the present time); and group insurance (voluntary, and contributory only in some cases). We of course are introducing items beyond taxation, but they are all part of the wage reduction machinery. Then the employer has to pay workmen's compensation on the basis of total payroll.

#### Multiplying Machinery

Even considering the compulsory deductions, there is a lot of book-keeping arising out of the single wage. The one wage column gives rise to several others, each building up into its own fund, and no doubt subject to its own scrutiny by separate auditors or inspectors. Thus the entire machinery of accounting and management is multiplied. The point is not so much the total of the deductions, which at present rates may amount to only about three dollars out of a weekly wage of say twenty dollars, but rather the way in which it is done. If public exigencies demand 15 per cent of the working man's pay, why not take it in one item?

Now let us get back to the taxes. The National Defence tax is intended to make nearly everyone tax-conscious, and it certainly promises to do so before this year is over. First of all it introduces a confusion in exemptions, by starting with \$600 a year, whereas the ordinary income tax starts from \$750; surely a compromise between these two could have been adopted.

Next, while being deducted at the source, it admits of exemptions for dependents etc., but this exemption status is not to be determined until long after the deductions have been made! Thus the individual, instead of paying what he should in the first instance, is compelled to go to the trouble of filing an exemption claim at the end of the year, and goodness knows how the working man or the working woman will be able to do this in the right way, or how long he or she will have to wait for the money which should never have been taken off at all.

#### Many Wrongfully Taxed

Indeed, the revenue officers will be only human if they hope that most of the people who will be wrongfully taxed in this way, will be ignorant of their rights, or will not take the trouble to enforce them, or will be indemnified by a generous employer. It is estimated that, over all above the million or so who will become taxable at the new rates, there may be as many as 300,000 who will be wrongfully taxed, and who will thereby be entitled to a refund, if and when they can get it.

The personal income tax has a history that is becoming ancient and that is honorable enough. The low-end exemptions and the new rates do not discredit it; they merely mean more people to be assessed, and more money to be collected. But the combination of National Defence tax, which is deductible at the source, with ordinary income tax, which is payable after the year is over, forecasts an almost inconceivable confusion of the taxpayer's mind.

The small wage-earner will already have paid in full, through the National Defence tax. The dentist who has no investments will have to pay both National Defence and ordinary income tax at the one time. But the scores of thousands of individuals who now find dividends as well as wages coming in less the National Defence tax, while certain other income from work or from investments has no such deductions,

face the task of clearing the whole thing up in their income tax return, and by that time many of them will have lost all track of what amount of money they should have received, in a wage or dividend, before the tax was deducted. A further income tax refinement is being started in the matter of instalments. To some payers this may be a help. To others we suspect it will be a temptation.

A few weeks ago the government, in placing an embargo on certain imports, also levied a 25 per cent excise tax on similar goods made in Canada. Radios, cameras, and elec-

tric irons were among these. The excise tax applies when the goods leave the factory. Now the government is insisting that the jobber, wholesaler or retailer, who buys the goods plus tax, must not include this tax in his cost for the purpose of determining his own mark-up.

That in effect demands an entirely new procedure in business, and surely the government has no authority for such dictatorship in the guise of tax-collecting. No dealer can afford to ignore his all-inclusive cost, nor his expenses in relation to money turnover, nor his own predicament

when a customer goes bankrupt and leaves him out the tax as well as the cost of the goods. If this tax is really intended to restrict consumption, then it can achieve that purpose even more so by recognizing the usual practices of business, and the necessarily higher prices that must result therefrom.

Finally there is the excess profits tax. That was dealt with in detail in two recent issues of SATURDAY NIGHT, and it has also been much criticized elsewhere. We need only repeat that any levy which seeks to relate itself to a base or normal period intro-

duces factors of uncertainty and possible injustice which make it more contentious than an ordinary corporate income tax is likely to be. The same end could be attained by an increase in the corporate income tax, replacing the excess profits tax, just as the same end could be attained, in the case of the individual, by an increase in the personal income tax to replace the National Defence tax. The time is long past, and the need for public efficiency is far too great, to allow of purely political considerations throwing monkey-wrenches into our tax structure.



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GET BACK \$5.00**

\$ 5.00 for \$ 4.00      \$10.00 for \$ 8.00  
\$25.00 for \$20.00      \$50.00 for \$40.00  
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War Savings Certificates are a direct obligation of the Dominion of Canada, repayable in 7½ years. At the end of that time your investment will have increased twenty-five per cent, which represents interest at 3% compounded half-yearly.

They may be redeemed at option of registered owner, after six months from date of issue at an established scale of call-back.

The following table represents an average basis of saving. These figures are only illustrative, as the amount of savings which is possible will vary according to each individual's family and other economic circumstances.

Earnings Per Week	Savings Per Week	Maturity Values
Up to \$20	25¢ to \$1.00	\$ 15 to \$ 65
\$20 to \$30	\$1.25 to \$2.00	\$ 80 to \$130
\$30 to \$40	\$2.25 to \$3.50	\$145 to \$225
Over \$40	\$3.75 to \$9.25	\$245 to \$600

**THIS IS  
WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE  
MONTH**

FEBRUARY has been set aside as War Savings Pledge Month, when every member of every household in Canada will be asked to pledge a definite, substantial sum every week to aid Canada's great war effort.

In addition to the revenue derived from taxation and War Loans, substantial savings from 2,000,000 Canadian pay envelopes will be urgently needed. Every Canadian family must pledge. This calls for sacrifice, perhaps, but no hardship. What you lend, now, can really be regarded as deferred pay.

Your family... your whole family... old and young... will want to enrol in this home army, pledged to work and save and LEND to provide war funds so urgently needed.

Expect a call at your home from an authorized War Sav-

ings worker who will ask all members of your household to sign pledge cards. Your caller will give you a window hanger that will identify your home as 100% enrolled for War Savings. And each member of your family will receive a "War Saver" insignia... an insignia all will be proud to wear.

Have every member of your household pledge to invest a definite part of his or her income in War Savings Certificates. Have the amount you pledge to lend deducted regularly—every week—from your pay envelope or, —every month—from your bank account. Your employer or bank manager will arrange for War Savings Certificates to be sent direct to you from Ottawa.

Every Canadian should enrol NOW to send fighting dollars into our defence line.

**Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES  
regularly!**

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When a family's income is lost through the bread-winner's illness, the result can be tragic indeed. However, with Health and Accident insurance, this loss can be anticipated before it occurs and a regular, monthly income can be set up for the full period of disability.

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# GOLD & DROSS

## GOD'S LAKE, ROCHE

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

Please tell me if there is any future in holding God's Lake and Roche Long Lac, also why God's Lake is not paying a dividend after paying two then stopping.

G. F. M., Orillia, Ont.

Yes, in your place I would continue to hold both God's Lake and Roche Long Lac.

I regard the possibility of an early dividend distribution by God's Lake as quite likely. The fact that this company is sinking a shaft 6,000 feet west of the original one, to a depth of between 1,800 and 2,000 feet, to develop a block of new levels at depth on the westerly plunge of the ore zone, along with the recent completion of a drive over a mile long to connect up the two shafts, involves the expenditure of a large sum and operating expenses naturally have been considerably higher. The shaft should be completed by early spring. The bed of siliceous tuffs, with which God's Lake ore shoots are associated, came into the new shaft several hundred feet nearer the surface than was expected.

Roche Long Lac in 1940 was one of the most active of the exploration companies. Assessment work was done on its holdings in the Albany

River, Connaught township, Opeesway Lake and Little Lac areas. New claims were staked at Savant Lake and Gates Lake areas, the latter section having what is regarded as one of the most promising discoveries of the year. The company's cash, bonds and investments are carried at \$110,514.

## COCKSHUTT PLOW

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

I hold a block of Cockshutt Plow stock and am wondering what to do now that it has fallen off. Should I sell?

C. B. A., Halifax, N.S.

Yes, I think I would. Despite the fact that Cockshutt Plow showed a substantial increase in earnings in the year ended November 30th, 1940

78 cents as compared with 18 cents per share I think the stock has little appeal at the present time, chiefly because the company lacks a tractor line and because of higher taxes.

Worth-while profits are not looked for over the near term and dividends are improbable, at least for some time to come. General business conditions favor larger sales of war orders, also a factor. However, net income will, I think, be limited by the increase in taxes.

## BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of stock prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

### INDUSTRIAL AVERAGE'S DECLINE

On January 29 the Dow-Jones industrial average, in closing at 126, broke decisively under the resistance point established in early September viz. 127.74. The September resistance point, rather than the resistance point established in December viz. 128.41, has been the support level in the industrial average that this Forecast, contrary to general market comment, has persistently pointed out as critical, so far as concerns the intermediate movement. It is significant, in this connection, that the largest daily volumes of the decline from the January 19 peak came on January 29 and 30, or at the time the September low was broken by the industrials.

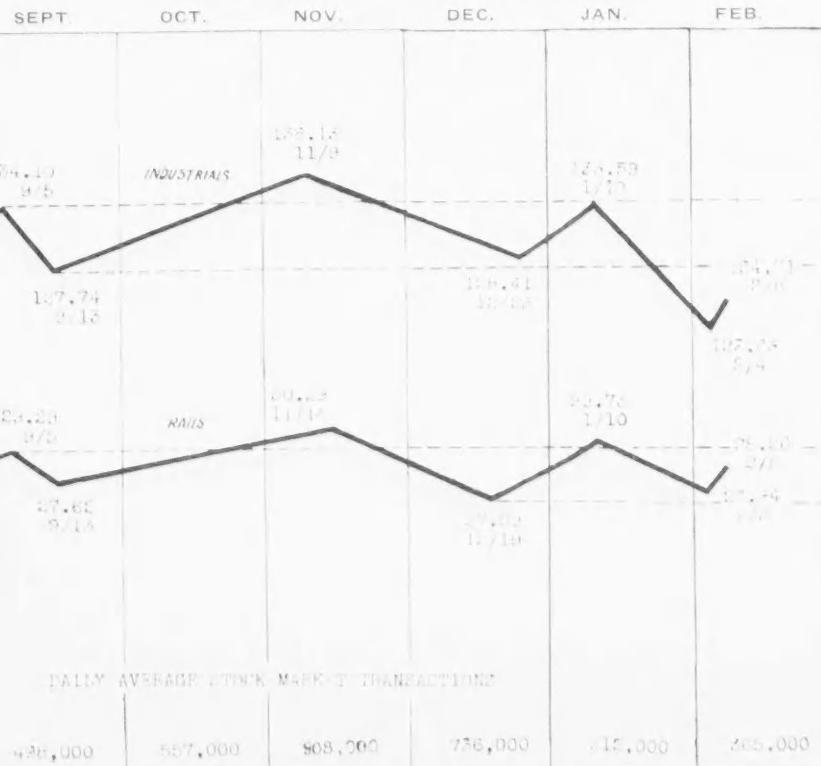
### RAILS' FAILURE TO CONFIRM

In the fortnight or more that has followed the above mentioned breakdown in the industrial average, the rails, however, have failed to decisively penetrate their critical support point, established on December 19 at 27.09. Such decisive penetration would be indicated by a close in this average at or under 26.08. Refusal of one average to confirm another invalidates the showing of the aggressive average. Readers will recall that it was the refusal of the rail average, in mid-November, to close at or above 30.30 that invalidated the American presidential and congressional post-election strength in the market and thus served to terminate the five-month rally from the June lows.

### PRESUMPTION OF RAIL STRENGTH

While it is not yet certain that the rail average will eventually hold above the support point of 27.09, there is at least a presumption to this effect. As pointed out herein a week ago, the foundation of the then encouraging support that the rails were receiving lay in the substantial improvement in traffic anticipated for these carriers in 1941, combined with their immunity from excess profits taxes because of their high capital investment ratios. An added factor of interest has been failure of volume turnover, or liquidating pressure, to follow the breakdown in the industrials.

### DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



## Low Per Capita Debt

### Sound Administration

The Province of Quebec has the lowest funded debt per capita of any Province in Canada, excepting Prince Edward Island.

Administration of the Province today is the soundest in many years. The keynote of the present policy is economy and restriction of capital expenditure.

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#### Province of Quebec

Coupon	Maturity	Price*	Yield
3 3/4 %	Feb. 1st, 1951	99.50	3.81%
4 %	Feb. 1st, 1956	100.00	4.00%

\* and accrued interest.

Descriptive circular forwarded upon request.

36 King St. West  
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**Wood, Gundy & Company  
Limited**



## Province of Quebec

3 3/4 % Debentures, due February 1, 1951  
(Callable on and after Feb. 1, 1950)

Price: 99.50 and accrued interest, to yield 3.81%

4 % Debentures, due February 1, 1956  
(Callable on and after Feb. 1, 1951)

Price: 100.00 and accrued interest, to yield 4.00%

These debentures will be direct obligations of the Province of Quebec and will be a charge as to principal and interest upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the Province.

Descriptive circular will be mailed upon request.

**MCLEOD, YOUNG, WEIR & CO.  
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To be equal to the strain of living today  
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If you're tense, irritable, it may mean you need more Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. You can get rich amounts of it by eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Try eating one cake first thing in the morning, and one 1/2 hour before supper—to help keep you at par. It is one of the world's richest natural storehouses of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and all the B Complex Vitamins.

**RELIABLE**—If you bake at home Fleischmann's fresh Yeast can be depended on for even-textured, good-tasting, crusty bread. It is the favorite fresh yeast of Canada's housewives today just as it was 70 years ago. At your grocer's.

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H. H. GRAY, President and General Manager  
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**Growing steadily—Growing solidly**  
**Increase in new premium income**  
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Death claims—one-third of expected mortality—one of the lowest in our record.

1940—one of the best in the Company's history.

W. W. COOPER, Branch Manager  
114 Metropolitan Building

Branches: Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Toronto, Guelph, Kitchener, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Timmins.



### 1940 ANOTHER YEAR OF SOUND PROGRESS

Insurance in Force Increased to \$38,682,622  
Assets Increased to - - - 10,131,642  
Policy Reserves Increased to 9,196,409  
New Insurance Paid For and Revived - - - - - 4,225,391  
Total Income - - - - - 1,555,643  
Payments to Living Policyholders and Beneficiaries 747,009  
Policyholders have the additional protection of \$602,066 in Paid-up Capital and Surplus

CHARLES P. FULL  
President

L. T. BOYD  
General Manager



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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO  
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES  
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA  
GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, President  
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

# ABOUT INSURANCE

## Accident Prevention in Industry

BY GEORGE GILBERT

In spite of Safety Campaigns and various safety regulations, there are still some industrial executives who fail to recognize the value of accident prevention, and that money saved in this way is just as important as profits from purchasing, production and selling.

At the present time industrial accidents are increasing in Canada out of all proportion to the number of new workers being employed. More intensive efforts must be made to stop the wastage and loss from this cause if the country's production of essential materials is to be maintained with the required efficiency.

WITH the increased industrial activity in Canada has come an increase in industrial accidents which, according to expert observers, is out of all proportion to the number of new workers being employed. The problem of accident prevention in industry has accordingly become one of pressing importance to all interested in maintaining the country's production of war and other essential materials at the highest point of efficiency.

Nowadays, when an accident occurs in any industry, it is known definitely that some person or some thing is to blame. That is, it is now coming to be generally recognized that accidents do not "just happen," but are caused, and the causes are to be found in faulty human beings, faulty machines, or faulty surroundings.

It was not so many years ago, however, when it was difficult to convince industrial executives or the workers themselves that the distressing fatalities and injuries suffered in work accidents were both unnecessary and wasteful. While there was sympathy with the victims and those deprived of a livelihood by such mishaps, there was little thought of doing anything constructive to eliminate the causes of these accidents. Men and women were expected to take their human losses in much the same way that the factory absorbed its losses in equipment and other property. Accidents and their consequences were accepted almost as a matter of course.

But about thirty years ago some of our industrial leaders began to realize that what have been called the "dark ages" of industrial accidents must come to an end. Up to that time industry had been developed very largely without regard for the factor of human safety. Many employers had believed that they were doing their whole duty when they gave a job as watchman to a worker who had lost an arm or leg in the factory, or if they gave a few hundred dollars to a worker's widow.

### Burden on Worker

In many places at that time the existing laws placed the burden of accident occurrence largely upon the workers, because the courts interpreted strictly such legal phrases as "contributory negligence" on the part of the injured worker, "assumption of risk" by the worker when he applied for employment, and "fault of fellow worker" when one worker sometimes caused the injury of another.

At the same time many employers and other interested persons perceived that these conditions were wrong, and they sought a way to remedy them. It was realized that besides the humanitarian problem there was an economic problem involved as well, because these accidents were not only wasteful in men and material, but they interrupted production, and it was expensive to train new men.

Workmen's compensation laws were then passed in many jurisdictions, placing at least a part of the accident burden squarely upon the employer. Studies of accident experience disclosed that there were great numbers of causes, both simple and complex, both physical and mental, and it was found that in a plant of any size, where large numbers of employees were at work, ac-

measures needed to greatly reduce or eliminate them. There are still some industrial executives, competent and shrewd in factory production, purchasing and selling, who do not recognize the value of accident prevention. It has often had to be literally forced upon them that safety in working conditions is actually a factor of efficient production, and that money saved through accident prevention is just as important as profits accruing from purchasing, production and selling.

Those who believe that workmen's compensation and their insurance policies will take care of all accident losses, overlook the fact that there are indirect as well as direct costs in connection with accidents. Besides the cost of compensation and similar

## The **WAWANESA**

Mutual Insurance Company  
**Assets Exceed** \$2,600,000.00  
**Surplus** 1,330,363.89  
**Dominion Govt.**  
**Deposit exceeds** 1,000,000.00

Wawanesa ranks 1st against all Companies operating in Canada on Net Premiums Written according to Dominion figures for 1939.  
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Eastern Office: Toronto, Ont.  
Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Montreal and Moncton.  
—2,000 Agents Across Canada

## A Step Forward

The following statement records another step forward in the progress of The Northern Life

Balance Sheet, December 31, 1940

### ASSETS

Real Estate	\$ 598,715.08
Mortgages and Agreements of Sale	3,995,180.04
Loans on Policies	1,573,529.88
Bonds and Debentures	3,971,895.70
Stocks owned	661,561.92
Amounts on deposit with Trust Companies	184,885.91
Cash at Home and Branch Offices	2,295.00
Cash in Banks	356,220.91
Interest and Rents due and accrued	174,330.17
Net Premiums due and deferred	195,561.72
	\$11,714,176.33

### LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve	\$ 9,753,425.06
Outstanding Claims Awaiting Proof	29,064.57
Reserve for Unreported Claims	10,000.00
Amounts Left on Deposit	997,498.60
Guaranteed Dividends on Outstanding Premiums	15,876.29
Reserve for Accrued Deferred Dividends	75,637.80
Taxes Due and Accrued	27,403.00
Reserve to cover Exchange on Foreign Currency	7,106.46
Other Liabilities	44,990.54
Investment Reserve	248,179.04
Capital Stock	250,000.00
Surplus	254,994.97
	\$11,714,176.33

- Business in force Dec. 31, 1940 — \$52,000,000
- Increase in business in force — 2,000,000
- Total Income — — — 2,024,200
- Total amount paid during 1940 to beneficiaries and policyholders — 1,003,980

# Northern Life

Assurance Company of Canada

R. G. IVEY, K.C., President

Established 1897

G. W. GEDDES, General Manager

Home Office: London, Canada

**THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD**

Robert Lynch Stalling, Mgr. for Canada  
TORONTO

**EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN**

**FIRE and CASUALTY INSURANCE**

Policyholders and Agents Everywhere Profit by the Specialized Service offered by

**"THE TWO CANADIANS"**

The CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.

The CANADIAN INDEMNITY CO.  
Head Office: WINNIPEG



Under the Northwestern Mutual plan annual savings returned to policyholders have reached the million-and-a-half mark. Since organization over \$26,250,000 savings have been returned to policyholders.

**NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION**  
ASSETS \$8,970,000



**CANADA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY**  
DIVIDEND NOTICES

**PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 48**  
TAKE NOTICE that the regular quarterly Dividend of \$1.625 per share on the outstanding Preferred Stock of the Company for the three months' period ended February 28th, 1941, has been declared as Dividend No. 48, payable March 15th, 1941, to Shareholders of record at the close of business February 28th, 1941.

**CLASS "A" DIVIDEND NO. 22**  
ALSO TAKE NOTICE that a Dividend of \$1.00 per Share on the outstanding Class "A" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 22, payable March 15th, 1941, to Shareholders of record at the close of business February 28th, 1941.

**CLASS "B" DIVIDEND NO. 12**  
ALSO TAKE NOTICE that an Interim Dividend of 50 Cents per Share on the outstanding Class "B" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 12, payable March 15th, 1941, to Shareholders of record at the close of business February 28th, 1941.

By Order of the Board.  
A. L. SIMMONS,  
Secretary.

Toronto, Jan. 31st, 1941.

direct charges, there are other indirect or hidden costs, which, though difficult to estimate in advance, are none the less real.

When an accident takes place in a plant, the foreman or supervisor and all employees near by lose time while they help the injured person, send for an ambulance, stand around and talk about the accident, and while the necessary reports are being made out about the occurrence. Overhead costs run on while this is taking place. Often there is also breakage of tools or machinery and spoilage of materials. Further, there is the cost of selecting, hiring and training a new worker, and it frequently takes time for the new man to reach the level of production achieved by the injured man.

#### Indirect Costs

As a result of the scientific investigation of thousands of typical industrial accidents, it has been clearly proved that the indirect costs of the average accident amount to four times the direct costs. That gives every industrial undertaking a powerful financial incentive, apart from the humanitarian one, to take whatever steps are required to deal adequately with the problem of accident prevention in its own plant.

It is now no longer necessary to have these accident losses. It is not

necessary for men to thus lose their lives, or arms or legs or fingers or eyes in industry, nor for factories to write off these losses each year in actual money wasted. These accidents and these losses can be prevented and are being prevented in various plants which over a period of five or six years have reduced their accident losses 80 or 90 per cent. Some plants have gone for three, four or five years without a single disabling accident among employees.

In such plants, the managing officials recognize that safety is just as much management's business as purchasing, production or selling, and that the leadership of the accident prevention organization must be in the hands of the chief executive. It is not sufficient that the plant buildings be made physically safe, that machinery and processes be safeguarded, that safe equipment and protective clothing be provided—and then the employee told that safety in the use of these things is up to him.

While these safeguards are the visible evidence to all employees that the management is sincere in its desire to prevent accidental injuries, they must be followed up by such intensive organization and training of the plant personnel that failure of the human element—the cause of about three-quarters of all industrial accidents—will be reduced to a minimum.

#### INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

We have been having a little discussion in regards to fire insurance, and have decided to refer to your department of information.

We have been offered insurance on our warehouse and office etc. by a representative of Lloyds of London at a very low rate compared to board insurance, but we have been told that we might not be able to collect in the case of a fire inasmuch as Lloyds have no deposit with the government, and that as it is more in the form of a gamble as far as insuring with them is concerned, that if the losses do not amount to any more than the total premiums paid on our particular class of insurance we would be paid, but that if there happened to be a very high loss in that particular class of insurance a person would have no one that he could force into paying the damage. Is this so?

Is it a fact that the city of Toronto had a very heavy loss on its car barns some time ago and that they were insured with Lloyds and could not collect their insurance? If this is the case, then why are Lloyds allowed to go around the country insuring anyone and everyone that will take them on, and how is a person to know the difference between a reliable insurance company and one of apparently no decent standing at all?

Since this matter has cropped up here with us, several of the other business men of Westlock have been wondering about their insurance and they are just as anxious to see your reply as we are, particularly in regards to the fire in your car barns, and the fact that there would be no one that a party might sue if he thought that he had a grievance against the Lloyds insurance.

G. H. W., Westlock, Alta.

Back in 1916 there was a serious fire in the car barns of the Toronto Street Railway Company, a private company, as at that time the city did not own its street railway system. The amount of insurance carried on the property was over a million dollars, and the loss was fixed by the adjusters employed on the case at \$668,180.04. I am informed on good authority. A substantial amount of the insurance on the property was carried with Lloyds underwriters at London, Eng., who were not then regularly licensed in Canada and had no deposit with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders. Instead of paying their proportion of the loss as determined by the adjusters, Lloyds underwriters at first tried to effect a compromise settlement for a smaller amount, but the street railway company refused to accept anything

less than the full amount, and the company was just about to send its representatives to England to take action to collect the claim when word came from London that Lloyds underwriters had agreed to make payment in full, which they did in due course.

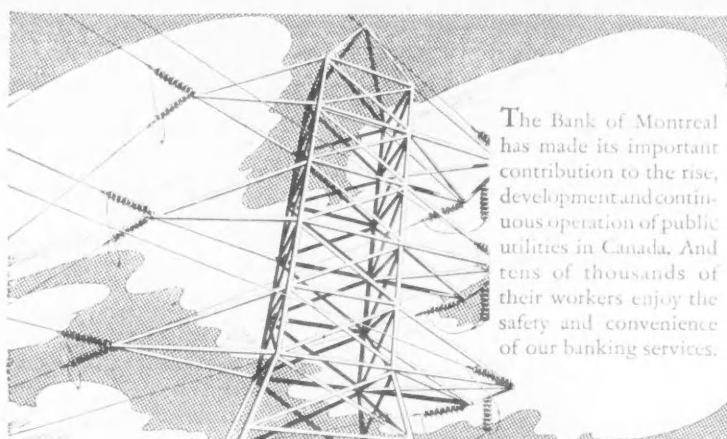
Since then Lloyds non-marine underwriters have been regularly licensed in several Provinces for the transaction of all classes of insurance except life insurance, and have a deposit of \$50,000 with each of several Provinces, although the Provincial insurance laws do not require a deposit from such insurers. They are not registered at Ottawa and have no deposit with the Dominion Government, there being no provision in the Dominion laws for the registration of such insurers. It was also recently announced by their chief agent and attorney in Canada, R. C. Stevenson, Montreal, that they had made a deposit of about \$6,800,000 with the Bank of Canada to facilitate payment of claims in Canada in the event of an emergency arising which would prevent payment through the usual channels. But this deposit, of course, does not come under the requirements of a Government deposit, and is not subject to the same restrictions.

Undisputed claims in Canada under Lloyds policies have been promptly paid since Lloyds underwriters have been licensed in this country, so far as I know, and there is no reason in my opinion why this practice should not be continued in view of the funds available.

In case of a disputed claim, suit must be brought against the various underwriters whose names appear on the policy for the amounts set opposite their names for which they are severally liable, unless an agreement is reached between the lawyer or lawyers acting for the underwriters and the claimant's lawyer that all the underwriters will be bound by the result of the action against the first underwriter on the policy. This is the procedure usually followed. Such judgments are enforceable in Canada.

It must not be overlooked that in insuring with Lloyds underwriters you are not insuring with a single entity like an insurance company but with a large group of individual insurers, maybe a hundred or more, according to the number of names on the policy, each of whom is liable only for the amount set opposite his name on the policy, the liability being several and not joint.

In my opinion, it is more satisfactory to insure with a single entity like an insurance company than with a group of individual insurers like Lloyds underwriters, other things being equal.



The Bank of Montreal has made its important contribution to the rise, development and continuous operation of public utilities in Canada. And tens of thousands of their workers enjoy the safety and convenience of our banking services.

Serving Canadians and their industries in every section of the community, we invite you to discuss YOUR banking requirements with us.

#### BANK OF MONTREAL

"A Bank Where Small Accounts Are Welcome"

Modern, Experienced Banking Service...the Outcome of 124 Years' Successful Operation

#### ONE HUNDREDTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

#### WELLINGTON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1840

#### FIRE AND AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

HEAD OFFICE — TORONTO

Incorporated by Act of the Parliament of Canada

Authorized Capital	\$1,000,000
Subscribed Capital	600,000
Paid-up Capital	150,000
Deposit with Dominion Government	150,000

#### ASSETS

Cash and Bank Balances	\$ 91,028.53
Bonds at Book Value	67,500.23
Stocks at Book Value	119,255.24
Add Adjustment to Government Valuation	5,610.95
Interest Due and Accrued	5,913.80
Agent's Balances and Premiums Uncollected	68,943.50
Due from Re-Insuring Companies	6,936.63

\$97,132.48

#### LIABILITIES

Provision for Unpaid Claims	\$ 59,713.11
Due to Re-Insuring Companies	32,943.21
Agents' Credit Balance	1,216.50
Reserve of Unearned Premiums	283,155.16
Taxes Due and Accrued	26,300.00
Contingent Reserve Fund (Investments)	5,040.97
Surplus for Protection of Policyholders	
Capital Stock Paid In	
	\$150,000.00
	115,425.53
	365,453.43

Neff, Robertson & Company, Auditors

President and Managing Director—H. BEGG

Vice-President—COL. HERBERT A. BRUCE, M.D.

DIRECTORS:	
W. R. BEGG	HON. JACOB NICOL, K.C.
E. J. HAYES	COL. S. C. ROBINSON
J. G. HUTCHINSON, Treas.	W. H. BUSCOMBE, Secretary
	H. L. KEARNS, Ass't-Secy
	GEORGE A. GORDON, Ass't-Secy

\$97,132.48

#### "FIVE FEATURE" ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICIES

1. Non Cancellable;
2. Guaranteed Renewable;
3. No Increase In Premium at any time;
4. No Rider or Restriction after Issuance;
5. Non-Proratable for Change of Occupation.

ALSO: Hospital and Surgical Reimbursement Included.

OUR COMPLETE LINE includes: All Forms of Life Insurance.

OVER \$2,000 IN ASSETS \* \* \* FOR EACH \$1.00 OF LIABILITIES

#### LOYAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

371 Bay Street,  
Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAM SKELTON,  
Provincial Manager.

Established 1809

CANADA'S OLDEST INSURANCE COMPANY

THE

#### HALIFAX INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Capital—\$2,000,000.00

HEAD OFFICE  
Supervisory Office — 8 King St. W. — Toronto

HALIFAX, N.S.

#### Fire Insurance and Allied Lines

AGENCY INQUIRIES INVITED

#### NATIONAL RETAILERS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Vance C. Smith, Chief Agent  
Concourse Building, Toronto



# Technique of Plunder Brought to New Perfection

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON  
*Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent  
 in London*

**The costs of German occupation of France total about twice as much as that country's entire last peacetime budget. Vichy borrows the money from the Bank of France on the security of new Treasury notes which bear neither interest nor maturity.**

While much of this money is being spent in northern, occupied France, and thus tends to create an inflationary, artificial boom, the unoccupied portion is fast becoming paralyzed.

Plunder is normally considered as an unorganized practice, commonly carried out by victorious troops thirsting for reward. In their program of looting France the Germans have brought the technique of plunder to a new level of perfection, but they have not overlooked the necessary scope for individual looting by a bored and disillusioned soldiery.

In France men and officers have requisitioned, confiscated, stolen, or bought for worthless currency, a wide range of goods from shops, and an almost equally catholic range from private owners.

Naturally, they have concentrated on the means of sustaining immediate morale, which they have done by indulgence in wines, tobacco, etc., and they have also not overlooked, despite the protestations of Goebbels, the fact that their families and friends in the Fatherland are feeling the pinch pretty badly. Those commodities of which the German population is particularly short have been and are being sent privately from members of the German Army of occupation to their relatives and friends on the biggest practicable scale.

Yet all this is a sideline. Petain's terms with Hitler arranged a compensation to the Germans during the time of their occupation of the North of France of 400 million francs a day. Few people now remember the franc-sterling-dollar pact, but on the basis of that agreement this amount is equivalent to nearly £2.5 million, or £900 million a year if the occupation lasts that long.

## Occupation's Cost

The costs of occupation total about twice as much as the entire last peacetime budget of France, and meanwhile they are by no means the only expense for which the French have to pay. There still is a country to be run. There still is a French Army to be paid for.

The franc, in these circumstances, is not really a currency at all. It has no exchange value, and, with inflation beginning its death-march, its internal value is plainly the sport of chance. The Petain government is certainly making no attempt whatever to achieve anything like a balanced financial program. They may be excused because the job is in any case impossible, but it should be noted that the daily 400 million francs paid to the Germans for the privilege of their occupation has not been matched by any budgetary provision or by any currency regulation.

The government has pursued the naive policy of opening an account at the Treasury, with retroactive power, consisting of an advance of 50 milliards of francs (later raised to 65 milliards) by the Bank of France. The cover for this advance is, of course, in the form of Treasury notes, and they bear no interest and there is not even a formal term for repayment in the contract.

Some observers consider it possible that the French will be made to pay 20 million marks a day in foreign exchange or even in gold and the rate at which this levy would be

converted would be 20 francs to the mark. From the German point of view there must be one thing displeasing about such an arrangement. It would have such an automatic effect of devastation, in emptying the safes of the Bank of France and pouring out the remaining French gold, that the scope for further opportunistic looting would be seriously cut down.

Vichy is understood to be concerned about an associated problem. The German occupation is confined to, roughly speaking, the northern half of the country. It is here that the bulk of the gigantic sums received from France will be spent. And it is here that conditions of considerable, if simulated, boom will develop. The body of the France over which Vichy has control must be-

come like a bloodless corpse, while its neighbor, the occupied territory, fattens like a vampire. Nazi propagandists will doubtless find inspiration in such an ironic contrast.

The plain fact is that France is already virtually in the position of an economic dependency of Germany, begging for crumbs. For all the apparent stiffening of the attitude of Weygand, and for all the possibility

of a new centre of French government in Africa, the Nazis are not minding their step. They have goose-stepped over industry, which is practically paralyzed; they have murdered agriculture; they have destroyed transport. If Britain's cause were in need of propaganda it would only be necessary to hold up to the world the picture of France under the Germans.

**They've found  
 a way...**



**ALL OVER THE COUNTRY** there are people of modest means who are eager for the sense of security that life insurance can give them.

Yet many of these people cannot afford to buy Ordinary life insurance in \$1,000 units, with premiums payable annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or even monthly. They have to buy life insurance just as they buy almost everything else—in small amounts—with premiums payable in small, frequent installments.

That is why these people are grateful for the special method of furnishing protection known as weekly-premium "Industrial" life insurance—insurance they can conveniently pay for because the premiums are due in modest weekly payments. In fact, it can truthfully be said that if weekly-premium life insurance were not available, millions of people would have no life insurance at all.

These people welcome, too, the added convenience of having a company agent call regularly at their homes to collect their insurance premiums.

The relatively small amount of insurance per policy, the special services rendered, and the additional fact that premiums are payable in

small installments, tend to make weekly-premium Industrial life insurance somewhat more expensive for the company to handle, and therefore more expensive for the policyholder. The higher average death rate experienced among these people also contributes to a somewhat higher premium rate.

Metropolitan, however, is constantly studying ways of improving even further the efficiency with which this business is conducted. Throughout the years, consistent progress has been made in liberalizing the terms of Industrial insurance policies and providing more benefits for less cost.

Moreover, Metropolitan engages in extensive health activities in an effort to help these policyholders to protect their health and lengthen their lives.

The large amount of money Metropolitan pays or credits as dividends each year to its Industrial policyholders surely bears testimony to the fact that millions of people have found

a measure of security and peace of mind in Industrial life insurance.

*This is Number 37 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.*

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker  
 CHAIRMAN  
 OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln  
 PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE  
 OTTAWA